

On motion a committee of three was appointed to draw up a petition embodying the views of this Association, send it to each member of the Association, asking him to endorse the signatures of the sheep-breeders, wool-growers and farmers of his neighborhood to it.

On motion a committee of three was appointed to draw up a petition to Congress, embodying the views of this Association on the tariff on wool, send it to each member, request him to secure all the signatures possible of the sheep-breeders and wool-growers of his neighborhood. Said petitions are returned to be forwarded to the representatives in Congress from this State, and the request that they bring them to the attention of that body.

No further business being before the Association, upon motion the meeting adjourned.



## The Horse.

### Feeding Unthrifty Colts.

For four to six months the colt takes its natural food—the milk of the dam. If this is in liberal supply the colt will be sufficiently nourished with the addition of grass it will get in pasture. But care must be taken to ascertain whether the dam gives sufficient milk to produce a strong growth. Scanty nourishment at this period is often fatal to full development afterward. The whole system of the young animal is plastic in the hands of the skillful feeder. The habits of appropriate food will give it the habit of strong and rapid growth, which is easily continued after weaning; but, on the other hand, deficient nourishment will not only contract its present growth, but also capitate its powers of digestion so as to incapacitate it for using sufficient food to give full growth after weaning. The vigorous growth of a colt while young is too important to be neglected on any pretext such as that "whip-cord, muscle and solid bone must be grown very slowly that the fibres may become perfect," etc. There is a vast amount of such humbug about. Slow growth presupposes scanty food; does insufficient nutrition produce the most perfect development? Taking a lesson from tree growth: How does the fibre of the slow-growing, large forest hickory compare with that of the rapid, open-field, second-growth hickory—the grain of the latter being twice or three the thickness of the former? Will the expert who wants an axe-helve or spokes for a trotting sulky choose the slow-growing hickory in preference to the rapid second-growth? I think the same rule will hold between two colts, the one scantily and the other abundantly fed. But as in the case of the rapidly-growing hickory, we wish it seasoned to give us the full force of its springy fibre; so, likewise, the rapidly growing colt must have a time of seasoning to perfect, by temperate use and intelligent training, its wonderful power of muscular endurance. I believe this foolish prejudice against good feeding for colts has arisen from the fact that feed fattening and fattening have been considered synonymous. Such food as would produce fat rather than muscle cannot be too strongly condemned.

If the dam yields too little milk to produce vigorous growth in the colt, it should be increased by food of nearly the same composition as may be. This is nearly always at hand in cow's milk. A little practice will soon teach the young colt to take the cow's milk with a relish. New milk may be given at first, but soon replaced with skim-milk, which, possessing so large a proportion of casein or muscle-forming food, and phosphate of lime, is exactly adapted to the growth of muscle and bone. This is also so cheap that vigorous growth may be kept up at a very small cost. For colts one or two months old one quart of milk given morning and evening will be sufficient. It may be sweetened a little at first to render it more palatable. Colts, like children, are fond of sweetness; but sugar should only be added as a temptation in teaching them to eat, for it is a fattening food and improper to be given as a diet. This use of cow's milk in growing colts is not a mere theory with the writer; he has tested it in many instances and found it admirably adapted to the purpose. He raised two yearlings that were fed a little skim-milk after two months old until weaned, and then continued in larger quantity after weaning and through the first winter. They were given from four to six quarts of milk each per day, with hay and one quart of oats, until one year old. These colts grew very steadily, developing all parts of the body evenly, and made horses 100 pounds heavier than either sire or dam. They were much inclined to exercise and test comparative speed at all periods during growth, and more muscular horses of their inches are seldom seen. I once purchased some colts six months old, of a good breed, that had been kept on insufficient food and not properly developed for that age. To make amends for this want of care and food four quarts of skim-milk were given to each colt for one month and then increased to six quarts, which ration, with two quarts of oats per day, was continued for six months or until one year old. This produced a development which no grain ration could have done. The advantage of the milk ration over a like amount of food containing the same elements in another form is that the food in the milk is in solution and very easily digested. Stress is laid upon this milk feeding for colts, first, because it is a most appropriate food; secondly, because in large portions of the country skim-milk can be had cheap, and it may thus be turned to the best account, for horse flesh is more valuable than that of other animals. If milk is not easily obtained, then the colt may be fed a pint of oats twice a day, in addition to the milk of its dam, if that is too small in quantity. Before the colt is weaned, it is well to teach it to eat a little oat-milk with its oats. When deprived of the dam's milk this oat-milk will prevent constipation, and furnish a large proportion of muscle-forming food as well as bone material. About one pint of oat-milk per day will be sufficient. Another food which I have used very profitably for the young colt is linseed or flaxseed. A half-pint of flaxseed boiled in four quarts of water, and then two quarts of bran or oatmeal boiled with it, makes an excellent day's ration, given in two parts—the oil and the albuminoids seem to be in just the right proportion. I have found this ration of flaxseed and oatmeal good the best preventive of relaxation or constipation of the bowels, both in the colt and the calf. The small quantity of oil seems to be very soothing to the alimentary canal, and it gives a smooth, glossy coat.—*Stewart.*

### Breaking Halter Pullers.

There are several methods practised by trainers to break horses of this habit. We have had excellent success with the following: Take a cord about a half-inch in diameter and some twelve feet long. Place the two ends together and pass the loop formed by the centre of the cord under the tail the same as the crupper of the harness. Cross the cord and carry it along the back to the shoulders; pass one end by the right side of the neck, the other on the left, and tie firmly in front of the breast. Throw a

surcingle or small cord about the body just back of the forelegs, and buckle or tie it closely so as to keep the cord under the tail in position. Have a strong iron ring in the manger. Put on such a halter as is usually worn. Pass the end of the halter through the ring and the into cord in front of the breast which passes under the tail, so that when the animal settles back for a pull the most of his weight will come upon the roots of his tail. After fastening securely leave the stall and give the subject an opportunity to indulge in his usual pastime. His first attempt to free himself by pulling will show as surprised a horse as ever attempted to play a trick. After two or three efforts he will give up it up in disgust. If he is not inclined to make an effort to get away, send some one into the loft armed with a whip, and let him throw a horse blanket, a lap robe or stable blanket into his manger, then reach down and switch him on the nose with the whip, using care not to strike him in the eyes. After a few attempts he cannot be persuaded to settle back for a pull under any circumstances. This method is perfectly safe, and a single lesson of thirty minutes is usually sufficient to break up the habit in the most confirmed puller.—*American Cultivator.*

### Horse Gossip.

The Michigan bred mare Spinella, by Louis Napoleon, dam Holly Snyder, has recently shown a male in 2:17. Louise Napoleon's reputation as a sire grows steadily from year to year.

PETER MCGROGH, the Milwaukee speculator, got into a wrangle with the Wisconsin Breeders' Association and was expelled, but he sent in an apology at the annual meeting of the Association last month, and has been restored to membership.

While horsemen at the north are doing all they can to keep their horses warm, those at New Orleans are having pleasant racing weather. It is a great country where the horsemen's season never ends, and where horse-racing, base-ball, tobogganing and sleigh-riding are all in progress at the same time.

It looks as if the National Association had broken in two. The break took place over Secretary Vail, and while the question is not yet settled, it is very certain that no compromise between the two factions can be made until he is out of the way. If he has the interests of the National Association so much at heart, why don't he show it by resigning at once? He has proved his entire unfitness for such a responsible position.

At the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Breeders' Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. L. Mitchell; Vice-Presidents, J. I. Case, E. H. Broadhead, H. D. McKinney; Secretary, Frank L. Smith; Treasurer, J. E. Corrigan. The Secretary's report showed that the meeting held last August was a success, and it was voted to hold another meeting next year, the time and place to be determined by a committee appointed for that purpose.

In April, 1883, there was foaled upon the farm of Ezekiel Twombly, Durham, N. H., a little black colt so insignificant in appearance that its owner seriously thought of "knocking it in the head," as the writer learned from the lips of the man, now living, who was by the side of the foal within twenty minutes from the time it was dropped. A neighbor was consulted, who advised that the colt be permitted to live, assuring the owner that someday it might be worth \$100. The neighbor's advice was heeded, and Hill's Black Hawk was spared to produce the most celebrated family of roadsters that ever existed. The noted trotter Flora Temple (2:19½) was so small and unpromising, even when four years old, that William H. Cogdon, of Smyrna, Chenango Co., N. Y., bought her for the paltry sum of \$13, and Maud Messenger (2:19½) was sold as a yearling for about the same sum, and at that time gave no evidence of future greatness, but in his six-year-old form took a record of 2:18½.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

### Cataract Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Cataract, and vainly trying every remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

## The Farm.

### The Perfection of Butter.

One of the good things about the drift of dairymen is a tendency to discard the holding of butter for a rise in price and sell it fresh. A great advance would be attained if it were possible for the maker and the consumer to live "from hand to mouth," so to speak. Then there would be no accumulation of butter in the market to get strong, "off flavor," and rancid. The fancy quotations are for butter not over ten days old; and when one hears of "80 cents per pound" it means butter made and delivered twice a week.

Every buttermaker knows that the fancy flavor of butter is a sort of will-o'-the-wisp, and it is doubtful if this exquisite flavor can depend upon over two weeks at the most; and as it is this fleeting flavor that brings the ten cents extra per pound, dairymen must understand the necessity of shipping butter as fast as made. A fresh-made butter, with dairy flavor, must always be sold in preference to a butter made three months before it is put on the market.

The dairymen can seize upon this very fact as a trademark. No bogus butter can be made with this delicate aroma, and the customer once put in possession of this fact can always protect himself from the counterfeit butter. The most patent damage to the dairy product is the fear of the consumer that he will have bogus goods thrust upon him, and he is suspicious, and we are from this very fact eating less butter each day. The genuine butter, unless conspicuously fine, is looked upon with reserve, and to-day common butter in the market is actually classed with the bogus. This gives the dairymen who chooses the chance to make the finest of butter and supply customers direct, and allow the bogus producer no chance to come in with his compound.

We may also in time see the advantage of salting butter far less than we now do, and give this delicate aroma of fresh-made butter

a more conspicuous place. If we would allow the cream at the point of mild acidity, thoroughly wash out the buttermilk with weak brine, and then salt the butter in a brine-bath, instead of working dry salt into the butter, the consumer would soon come to learn that butter has a flavor of its own, independent of salt and buttermilk, and when these two are a little less conspicuous the real luxury of butter is discovered, and when this occurs, it is the flavor that will be paid for. Butter as simply so much grease is a dear article of food, but as a table luxury, exquisite in flavor, and perfect in grain, it is worth its advance cost.

We are also fast finding out that butter needs only all the strong brine it will absorb while in the granula stage to give it keeping properties. When free of buttermilk—as it may be if it is washed out—a coating of liquid salt about each globule, is all that can ever be done in the way of salt adding to the keeping of the butter. Then this brine will also fill all the minute spaces between the globules, and keep out the air. Such butter is perfection; and the desire for more than one-third of an ounce of salt to the pound of butter is an acquired habit of taste—the exchange of butter-flavor for the sharper flavor of salt.—*J. G., in N. Y. Tribune.*

### Too Many Meals.

The bills for feed worried me. They were large, and I wondered if there was a corresponding gain in the animals fed. It was all right with the cows, for there was the butter to offset the extra food. The calves and young cattle were growing and looked as well as they did in summer. The oxen were gaining and every day adding to their weight, but the hogs were the stickler. I watched the meal go into the bins and into the troughs and the manure go out of the door of each pen, and at last made up my mind something was wrong. There was too much food used for the apparent gain. It has been a hobby of mine, and is yet, that the manure made by the hogs is worth about as much for the farm in the long run as the bran and other feed costs; still, I wanted to get my pay for the feed out of the gain in the hogs. This I feared I was not doing, there was so much meal used. There was one pen of pigs to be killed, and the man was directed to give them a full supper but no breakfast, and this was done.

They were slaughtered about noon of the day after the last meal was given to them. This consisted of three parts wheatbran and one in bulk of wheat cannel, when killed their stomachs were full. They might have held more, but they were really full of the bran and cannel. It looked natural but had an acid smell. This food was in the process of digestion. Beyond the stomach the large intestines were also filled. I was satisfied that my hogs had been overfed—not given too much at a meal, but they had been given too many meals. They had been fed three times a day, and the excess of food had crowded the contents of the stomach and bowels along in its passage before it had been well digested and assimilated, and so the heap of manure had been excessively large without a proportionate gain in the hogs. Let us see. Their breakfast was between 7 and 8 o'clock, dinner at noon and supper at 3 to 5 o'clock. Within these hours it was impossible for this mass of food to have been changed to chyle, the incipient blood. I am now astonished at my own stupidity in not thinking of this before.

I found out several years ago that there is a limit to the quantity of grain a horse can digest, and to give it any more is a great injury, and that the amount a horse should have is less than many suppose. I have also found out and demonstrated that fattening cattle are usually fed more meal than they can digest, and that there is great waste generally in their feeding. I only feed the beef cattle morning and night, and not more than four quarts of meal at a meal, with roots and hay. Why my hogs, hundreds of them, should have had three full meals a day, seems now to be queer, for I am sure they never needed it, and one meal was thrown away so far as any gain in the growth of the hogs was concerned. I wish Dr. Sturtevant, and he is just the man to do it, would make a test of the comparative gain between pigs fed as near alike as possible, fed two full meals and three full meals of the same kind of food. I have changed my system of feeding and now the store hogs and all of those fattening get but two meals in twenty-four hours. I feel confident that three meals will be a saving of one-third of the amount of food and an equal gain.—*F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

### Small Stalks and Large Ears.

During the discussion on raising corn before the New England Farmers' Club, reported by the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, Mr. Edmund Hersey said:

I will answer this question about the small stalk and the large ear of corn. The corn is worth more than the fodder to begin with. And the larger the proportion of corn that you can obtain, the better is the result. One thing which my father established while he was making his investigations, was that when he had got corn which would surely produce two ears, it was apt frequently to have three ears,—or to have two ears and a small one. The expense of husking was very much increased by having the small ears of corn which, after all, were of no great value. He said that he would rather have one good ear than three, neither of them as large. The idea was the saving of labor.

Again, by having a small stalk, the corn can be planted nearer together, or more stalks can be planted in a hill. Either way, the result of his experiment simmered down was simply this. If you want to raise corn the cheapest, you should try to raise about 60 bushels to the acre. The moment you go over 60 bushels in your raising corn,—to say nothing about keeping your farm up,—the moment you go over 60 bushels, you have to pay more than the same proportion for the manure to get your corn. So the corn comes higher. It requires more of the same proportion of manure to get 100 bushels, or even to get eighty bushels to the acre, than if you raise 60. In my own practice I have found that to be true always, although I may not have worked on the same land.

To get 60 bushels to the acre requires five cords of good stable manure. If you put on six, you will have about one cord left in the land. If you want merely to bring

your land up, you would use six cords, but I have found by experiment that five cords, if you had plowed the land once or twice, would keep it up in about the same condition. If I should put on ten cords to the acre, I should not get 120 bushels to the acre.

### Sparing the Back.

In those sections of our country where the soil is filled with stones, there are few farmer boys but that know something of the unpleasant and tiresome labor required in gathering up stones from fields that have been brought under cultivation and then seeded down—a work that finds a repetition with each period of seeding unless a thorough working over of the soil, for the purpose of clearing it permanently, has been adopted. In some instances land has been worked over to a depth of two feet and every stone removed—a work which in some cases would be of a discouraging character but perhaps cheaper in the end, because when once thoroughly done it is done for all time. But few farmers feel like doing this upon all fields, and hence the period of picking up stones recurs unless after seeding they are rolled into the soil by the presence of a heavy roller, as some recommend.

Assuming that there will always be more or less loose stones to be picked up, we can suggest that the use of a common potato digger or hook will spare the back from the unpleasant aching occasioned by continual stooping over. With this the ground can be gone over and the loose stones thrown into heaps with the digger, which can then be much more easily thrown into a cart for removal. In this way a labor which is perfectly hated by every boy becomes very much less objectionable and more readily accomplished.

### Agricultural Items.

Over 400 varieties of weed seed have been found in the clover and timothy seeds of commerce.

SPARROWS are such a nuisance in Germany that boys are employed to decrease the number by hunting them. They string them on sticks, as children sometimes string raspberries on grass, and are paid half a cent each.

HAVE good tools, suitable to do your work. You cannot expect a man to do good work if he has poor implements to work with. The very fact that they are poor will discourage him. The loss in time and energy pays the difference between poor and good.

COL. JEDY, the noted stock auctioneer, is not only an excellent auctioneer, but also a practical stock-breeder. His son recently marketed 30 head of superior Shorthorn yearling steers, that averaged 1,571 lbs.; also 23 three-year-olds averaging 1,740 lbs.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indiana Farmer* says that the idea that a fat animal is a sure one is decidedly wrong, and the sooner the breeders in general get rid of this idea the better it will be for the stock raised. A properly matured animal must have its system built up evenly. What should be aimed at is a large frame and strong muscle, and the young stock should be fed with this object in view.

CORN with medium-sized, short, stocky stalks, well loaded with medium-sized ears, and small cob, well covered from butt to tip, is what we all want to see. It has been demonstrated that the largest and longest ears do not produce the most and best corn. A small cob, with long, deep kernels, compactly set on the cob, is what pans out the shelled corn.

COL. F. D. CURTIS says: "When sheep have clover hay they will not have stretch, as the clover keeps the bowels from becoming constipated; and for the same reason they do not need linseed meal, which they should always have if fed on timothy hay. This does not agree with sheep, and should always be fed in connection with roots or linseed meal, to offset its constipating effect."

STEPHEN POWERS says in the *Ohio Farmer*, that copperas, which has hitherto been known as a standard remedy for "paper skin" in lambs, failed to cure the disease, and resort was had to the old remedy, turpentine, one part, to water, two parts, a tablespoonful being the dose, administered once a day. This remedy was successful.

## The Poultry Yard.

### Chicks in Brooders.

The past season demonstrated that chicks raised in brooders grow faster, weigh more, and sell at higher prices, up to the age of three months, than do chicks raised with hens for the same period. At first, one would naturally be surprised at such a claim; but, when we compare the advantages and disadvantages of the two methods, the chick in the brooder has all the chances in his favor. In the first place, he is never allowed to feel the effects of dampness. He knows nothing about being dragged through wet grass, or seeking a dry place during a rain-storm. Lice are enemies to which he is unaccustomed, and if he feels cold or chilly his stove is within a few inches of his scratching ground, while he can enjoy the heat of the sun without being exposed to the sweeping winds that blow from every direction. The water he drinks is of the proper temperature, and not covered with ice, and the food he receives is not only varied but given in a careful manner and in a clean condition. He has nothing to do for a living, is under the watchful eye of his master, and grows fast because he receives plenty of food, drink and heat, which are the prime factors to success.

But the chick with the hen, if in winter, comes at a season when his dam cannot properly provide for his wants. If he leaves the warm covering, he becomes chilled. If his stronger brethren persist in roaming off, he follows them. In her anxiety, and drags the unfortunate ones with her. She tires them out, does not nurse when they desire, and, if her brood is large, she cannot hover them properly, especially when they are larger, and the consequence is that, though the chicks with the hen may grow rapidly the first few weeks, the time comes when a portion of the number perishes, or becomes stunted in growth, for want of sufficient warmth. There may be excep-

tions; for, if a brood of chicks with a hen receive the proper care, they will thrive as well as those in brooders, but are more subject to lice, which never attack chicks unless they are in the neighborhood of adult fowls. But, where hundreds of chicks are raised, a much larger number can be made to attain a marketable size, in the shortest time, in brooders than under hens.—*Farm and Garden.*

### The Gape Worm.

It has long been known that the disease known as "gapes" in fowl is due to the obstruction of the air passages by little parasitic worms known as *Syngamus*, which collect in masses from the lower part of the trachea to its middle. The original host of this worm has been discovered by Dr. H. D. Walker, of Franklinville, N. Y., who published a valuable paper on the subject in the *Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science* (Vol. V., No. 2). The life history of the gape worm (*Syngamus trachealis*) is sketched as follows by Dr. Walker: Earth worms containing the embryos are eaten by the fowl. The embryos are liberated from the intestine of the earth worms and work their way through the esophagus into the lungs and bronchial tubes. During this act of passage, or while in the lungs, they pass through the nymphal stage and acquire sexual maturity. The male and female unite and attach themselves by their suck-like mouths to the mucous membrane of the trachea. In about seven days more the eggs within the body of the worm become mature. They are coughed up into the mouth, swallowed by the fowl, and pass through into the soil. In about three weeks these eggs, exposed to the moisture and sun, hatch; the embryos are taken in their food by the earth worm, where they remain until picked up by some bird, when the above-mentioned process is repeated. Dr. Walker has proved by eight successful experiments in feeding them to chicks that the earth worm is the original host of the gape worm. The robin has proved to act as a host for the *Syngamus*, and is thus instrumental in spreading the disease. That the earth worm is only a bearer, or means of conveying the embryo to the fowl, was proved by feeding the embryos hatched from the eggs to a chick, and thus producing the gapes. It was found that asafetida and garlic could not be relied on to prevent and cure the disease, but that any locality where the gape prevails can be rendered safe for fowls by destroying the infected earth worms in the ground with salt. Dr. Walker concludes his most valuable paper with the following remarks: "Some years one-half or two-thirds of the young fowls in certain localities are destroyed by this disease. This investigation proves that if they were kept from eating infected earth worms, that terrible scourge of poultry, the gapes, would be entirely prevented. Not only this, but it serves as a key to unlock the mysteries surrounding several other diseases, caused by parasites belonging to the family, namely, the lung worm of calves (*Strongylus micrurus*), the lung worm of sheep (*Strongylus filaria*), and the grouse disease (*Strongylus perfringens*). Great numbers of calves, hogs, sheep and grouse are yearly destroyed by these parasites. Their original hosts have never been discovered. From certain inquiries which I have made I venture to predict that the earth worm will be found to be their original host." He has since found the embryo of *Strongylus micrurus* of calves living in the earth worms of an infected pasture.

*Farm and Garden* says: It is only a small matter to overlook the crack in the wall of the poultry house, but a volume of cold air can pass through a little hole or crack in twenty-four hours, by which the temperature of the poultry house may be lowered below the freezing point, thus causing injury to the combs and wattles and bringing on disease. Let a bird roost all night within a few inches of a knot-hole or a split in the boards of the walls, and next morning the probability is that the eye will be to the draught of air will be closed, her head swelled, and a discharge will come from her nostrils. The next will be roup, with its foul odor, and the whole flock are soon diseased, as it is not only contagious but one of the most difficult of diseases to cure, many poultrymen preferring to destroy their flocks than to cure them. It is better to leave one side of the house off than to permit a draught through a small crack. Look to the warmth of the poultry house, and complete all your preparations before winter sets in.

Among the vegetable substances which we have found to be an excellent substitute for the green summer pastures, we may name beets, carrots, turnips, onions, apples and cabbages. A mess of these, chopped up finely, should be fed every day in the winter, raw. The hens will be better able to solve the problem of how to get eggs in winter.

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**379 FRUIT TREES**  
Vines, Plants, etc.  
Apple, Pear, Peach, Cherry, Plum, etc.  
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Graham Flour & Oystershells.  
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has corrugated pan over fire, doubling capacity; small syrup pans connected by aluminum, easily handled for cleaning and interchange; able to distribute the syrup; and other advantages too numerous to mention. Catalogue free. **G. M. GRIMM & CO., Hudson, O.**

**QUEEN OF THE SOUTH**  
PORTABLE MILLS.  
SELECT FRENCH BURS.  
For Stock Feed or Meal for Family Use.  
Write for Descriptive Circular.  
Straw Machinery Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Horticultural.

## THE WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY.

This society held its third annual meeting at Grand Haven December 14-16. Delegates from nearly all the counties along the lake shore were present.

The first session was held Tuesday evening. The convention opened with prayer by Dr. Knapp, followed by a song of welcome by a select choir composed of Major Safford, Mrs. H. Squires, Mrs. Vander-vee and the Misses Mattie Rice and Aggie Stark. This choir furnished the singing for the evening. The singing was superb, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Hon. G. W. McBride delivered the address of welcome. Among other things he said: It is a pleasant duty that has been assigned to me, that of welcoming you to the freedom, hospitality and good will of our city, and in the name of Grand Haven, its citizens, its hospitality and its interests, bid you as an Association and as citizens, one and all, a hearty welcome, thanking you for the honor you bestow and the compliment you extend in selecting our city as the meeting place on this your third anniversary. We desire and trust that your stay among us may be as pleasant to you as it will be useful to us. Trusting also that friendships and associations may be formed here that may broaden and widen as the years come to me. I can see as with the eye of prophetic vision into the years that lie just before us. From our hands has gone into being a land of fruit and flowers. The fruit belt of Michigan has been famous and its name and fame world-wide, as the land of splendid and luscious fruits rivaling the Isles of the blessed where grew the golden apples in the garden of Hesperides. You have the bluest sky in all the continent over you, and about you the air, soil and climate for successful fruit culture in a practical age, with practical men working for a practical end. Men who live much among ripening fruits and budding flowers bear in their every-day life much of the softened influences that nature everywhere throws around her ripening seasons. The promises of your Association have ripened into fulfillment; you have shown that the peach and apple will grow in this locality; where the dead pine and hemlock have been removed, the peach and the apple have taken their places, you are the ones to remove the one and set the other, you are the second coming and you are destined to be more stable than those who preceded you. You are building for the future, not to perish and pass away; but to grow stronger and stronger as the years go by. I again extend to you a kindly welcome, and bespeak for you a pleasant and profitable meeting.

Hon. H. Holt responded in behalf of the members present, stating that they fully appreciated the very generous welcome they had received. He spoke of the beautiful room furnished with flowers; and the choir which had gladdened our hearts with sweet music; the mutual benefit received would repay all the expense attending these meetings.

After a song by the choir, "Come, Brothers, Come," President Phillips delivered his annual address, at the close of which Mr. Lanning moved that the recommendations of the president in his annual address be referred to a committee appointed for that purpose, to report on Thursday morning.

The Wednesday morning session was devoted to reports of officers, announcement of committees, and election of officers for the ensuing year. The Secretary, Treasurer, and the chairman of the executive board each made their annual reports, showing the Society to be in a sound and growing condition. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Walter Phillips, of Grand Rapids.  
Vice-Presidents—J. G. Ramsdell, South Haven; William Corner, Ganges; W. A. Brown, Benton Harbor; Clark Sheffer, South Haven; H. H. Holt, Muskegon.

Secretary—G. H. LaFleur, Benton Harbor.  
Treasurer—W. A. Smith, Benton Harbor.  
Executive Board—Joseph Lanning, H. Dale Adams, A. S. Kedzie, W. A. Brown, Wm. B. Andrus.

The following committees were announced by the chair:

On Resolutions—Senator C. J. Munroe, of South Haven; W. A. Smith, Benton Harbor; Capt. Huxington, of Allegan.  
On Plants and Flowers—Joseph Lanning, South Haven; Mrs. A. S. Kedzie, Mrs. Wm. N. Angel, Grand Haven.

On Fruit—J. G. Ramsdell, South Haven; Charles Alford, Talmadge; D. W. Hinman, Peach Belt.  
On President's Address—Clark Sheffer, South Haven; Wm. Corner, Ganges; H. H. Hayes, Talmadge.

Next followed some discussion in relation to packages used in shipping fruit. Mr. Corner said the packages used were neither uniform in size or shape, which should be corrected, and he hoped the Society would take some action looking towards improvement. If we could adopt a uniform size and shape for packages throughout the fruit belt, buyers could readily know by the package where the fruit came from; if the package was an honest one, and the fruit honestly packed, it would give a reputation to that section which would secure ready sale. He did not care if shippers used large or small packages; but in all cases they should be exactly what they were represented to be.

Mr. Loomis said that he concurred in what Mr. Corner had said; manufacturers would change their forms to suit the demand of the shippers, the only difficulty was that growers had not united upon any particular size or shape; this should be done, and would be of mutual advantage to both manufacturer and grower, as well as to the consumer.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.  
C. J. Munroe said this is a fruit growers' society, and the discussion should be confined to the interests of fruit growing, which would include cultivation, varieties, packing and packages. Shipping and marketing fruit required thought and intelligent management; improvements had been made and would continue to be made until many of the present difficulties would be obviated.

Clark Sheffer thought that fifth baskets were too small; half bushel baskets, or even bushel baskets would cost less for packages and transportation.

Mr. Loomis preferred bushel baskets for his own use, but the finest peaches brought

more money when shipped in small packages. J. G. Ramsdell thought packages needed discussion not only in this Society, but by the peach growers all along the peach-belt. Large packages were growing in favor; he believed that half-bushel baskets would be acceptable to a majority of growers.

Frank Linderman favored peck baskets, and hoped they would take the place of the fifth.

W. A. Smith here read a paper on "The Outlook for Commercial Fruit-growing." Commenting upon this paper Mr. Corner said that for many years past enormous crops of peaches had been shipped from the Lake Shore annually. To grow peaches required certain elements in the soil to produce a crop. A constant draft upon the soil would rob it of this element, which would in the end prove disastrous to the health and productiveness of the tree; this should be restored by the use of large amounts of fertilizers. Bone dust and ashes would prove beneficial and restore the exhausted elements.

W. A. Smith, Frank Linderman, H. H. Hayes and President Phillips believed in the free use of ashes, from experiments and results. Mr. Hayes said that the use of ashes and bone dust improves the color and flavor of grapes with him.

The meeting then adjourned to visit the greenhouse of Messrs. Hancock & Son, by invitation of these gentlemen. This visit was one of the pleasant features of the meeting, and drew from visitors many complimentary remarks upon the contents of these houses.

THURSDAY MORNING SESSION  
was opened by prayer by Rev. J. H. Sammis, and anthem by the choir, composed of E. Phillips, P. Klaver, Miss Albee and Miss Case, with Miss Gilliland as organist. This choir furnished the music for the evening, and delighted and charmed every listener.

The Secretary read a paper on "The Duty of Horticulturists in Relation to the Ornamentation of Parks and other Public Grounds," by Mrs. G. H. LaFleur. This was followed by a paper written by E. C. Reid, of the *Allegan Gazette*, and in his absence was read by Senator Monroe. These two papers, with the music, occupied the entire evening.

opened with prayer by Dr. Knapp, and reports of the following committees read:

Committee on Fruits reported 46 plates exhibited by W. B. Andrus, of Allegan; 7 plates by G. H. LaFleur, of Allegan; and 4 plates by John Miller, of Trowbridge. This fruit was in good condition, doing credit to the exhibitors.

Committee on Flowers made full and appreciative mention of the rich exhibit of flowers furnished by Messrs. Hancock & Son, and tastefully arranged by William B. Andrus and E. W. Branch.

Committee on Resolutions reported that in view of the cordial welcome of the citizens expressed by Hon. G. W. McBride, the generous entertainment furnished, the convenient rooms of the beautiful church in which to hold the sessions, the flowers contributed, and so arranged as to delight the eyes, the charming music so well rendered by trained choirs, the good will shown by Messrs. Hancock & Son in a visit to their greenhouses, and in view of the full reports by the press, we as a Society hereby tender our sincere and hearty thanks for the above courtesies and favors.

A letter from A. S. Kedzie written from and concerning Texas, was read, for which a vote of thanks was tendered, with a request for its publication. The time was then occupied in discussing questions from the "Question Box," one of which was: "How shall we prune peach trees to prevent too many dead limbs accumulating through the year?" The President called upon William Corner to respond.

Mr. Corner said he had made peach growing something of a study, as he had long been engaged in growing peaches; he had tried some experiments and had learned some valuable lessons, one of which was that most growers allow their trees to carry too much foliage; had practiced thinning by hand, found that too expensive; his present method was to thin the tree by cutting out all surplus limbs and allow the tree to carry only the amount of fruit which would ripen into first class specimens; some thinning by hand even then may be necessary; this management, with a liberal use of manure and other fertilizers, will be satisfactory and prove beneficial to the tree.

J. G. Ramsdell concurred in what Mr. Corner had said. D. W. Hinman, on behalf of the Douglas and Ganges Pomological Society, invited the Society to hold the June meeting at Douglas, which was accepted. The time was fixed for the second Tuesday in June next, and the meeting then adjourned.

G. H. LaFleur.

## GRAND RIVER VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting at Grand Rapids in December, the election of officers resulting a choice of the following: President, Chas. W. Garfield; Vice President, J. A. Hovey; Secretary, W. N. Cook; Treasurer, E. Chase Phillips; Executive Board, George Linderman, Robert D. Graham, J. Woodman, E. M. Ball.

President Garfield's annual address was as follows:

"We have had a fairly prosperous year as horticulturists. Everything has not run as smoothly as we would like, and we are apt to remember the rough places and forget the smooth ones. We recall the drought, but neglect to speak of the timely rains. We enlarge upon the low prices for our produce, but avoid mentioning how cheaply we can purchase the commodities we need. Those of us who decided long ago to take things by the smooth handle if possible, and see the silver lining of the darkest clouds, if it was to be found, have secured a great deal of enjoyment out of this year.

"Our Society has accomplished some things by which to mark the year with a record. We have held two successful exhibitions; entertained the State Society in a creditable manner; secured several addresses by experts; gained some points in insect destruction, secured the tree slayer, and arrayed ourselves on the side of our feathered friends.

"Our summer exhibit, although not large-

ly attended, was pronounced a very complete affair by those who visited it, who were not identified with the Society, and our chrysanthemum exhibit, although the first of its kind in our city, was a most gratifying success. The exhibit made by our people as a compliment to the State Society was thoroughly appreciated by that organization, and would have been a treat to our flower and fruit lovers in the city had they availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing it.

"Several of the addresses before our society have been copied very largely in the periodicals of our country, and I have found copious extracts from them in Canadian papers. They have even attracted the attention of horticulturists in England and France. This is no mean record, and we ought to think of it when we are disposed to be pessimistic with regard to our work.

"But while we are congratulating ourselves on what we have done, it will not do to settle back in our chairs satisfied with our condition, for we might have done better. We have lost quite a proportion of our paying membership; our people who ought to have been regular attendants have some of them avoided the sharing of responsibilities with us—have been satisfied to absorb the good from the printed reports without giving from their own experience; we have failed to secure the hearty co-operation of our florists; our reports in the city press have not been uniformly full and accurate; we have lived beyond our means.

"We cannot maintain the Society without some funds, and inasmuch as our only income is from membership fees, we ought to have no question about a sufficiently large membership to meet all demands.

"I am not disposed to find fault with the growers of plants and flowers about our city; but I do think if our Society furnishes a delightful place in which to make monthly exhibits, the people who grow flowers and expect to sell them, ought to meet the buyers half way and have it a recognized fact that samples of the newest and most attractive things will be shown at the monthly meetings of our Society. The leading florists of the world are a unit upon the desirability of placing their products attractively before the public upon every possible occasion. The florists of this city have it within their power to awaken an interest in floriculture, using our Society as a means, undreamed of by the most enthusiastic of our flower lovers. I certainly hope to see them improve the opportunity.

"Our meetings should be attended regularly by those engaged in progressive horticulture. They cannot afford to stay away if they regard it as any satisfaction to maintain a position in the front rank of their profession. I do not hesitate to say this from a wide observation among horticulturists of our country. Those who have reached the front rank have uniformly been those who have availed themselves of Society aid.

"Allow me to suggest some points we have in our power to score:

"We can by carefully arranged programmes, and securing the expert testimony that is about us, take a position which will bring us into great prominence as counselors upon technical matters connected with horticulture.

"It is thoroughly practicable to get any amount of aid from the city and State press, if we can show value in our papers, discussions and exhibitions; and put our facts in concise shape for publication.

"We can make the burdens of each member very light by securing enough of us to share them."

President Garfield gave generous credit to those outside the Society who had aided in making exhibits, thus increasing the value and interest of the semi-annual exhibitions. The Society resolved to hold out of door meetings from May to November, and the May meeting will be held at the President's farm.

## The Black Rot in the Grape.

The *Prairie Farmer* gives the following description of the appearance of the black rot, one of the most destructive diseases which attack the grape:

"A livid brown spot upon one side of the grape is generally the first manifestation of the disease. This spot increases in size until the entire berry is of a uniform brown color, imparting the appearance of rottenness, although the full contour and nearly the original firmness are retained. As soon as this change has taken place, and often before its completion, the part first affected assumes a darker shade, and minute black pimples or pustules, smaller than the head of a pin, yet easily seen with the naked eye, roughen the surface. At the same point the berry now begins to lose its fullness, an irregular depression appears which extends rapidly so as to cover the entire surface. The berries now appear dry, hard, shriveled to one-half or one-quarter their original size, and intensely black in color, in fresh specimens there are slight bluish reflections; the folds of the skin which is now closely pressed upon the seeds, are raised in strong, prominent, irregular ridges that are characteristic of this form of rot. The withered berries remain firmly attached to their pedicels, and the latter often become dry and hard, while those of the healthy berries are yet fresh and green, showing that they are, to some extent at least, liable to be affected by the disease.

"Preventive measures alone can be of any value in combating the disease; we may accomplish much in limiting the extent of its ravages, but berries once affected are beyond the reach of curatives. The mycelium securely imbedded in the tissues of the fruit, silently but surely carries on its work of destruction. At this period our energies should be given to the preventing so far as may be the production and dispersion of the spores, effecting this by gathering and destroying at the earliest possible moment the affected grapes. We are assured that the fungus passes the winter in the berries it has attacked, and possibly also in the young shoots; hence by gathering and raking together in the fall, all the diseased berries and trimmings from the vines and destroying them, we will annihilate just so much infectious material. One treatment instituted in France consists in stirring up the soil of the infected vineyard; the stocks are singed with a Gallot torch, and then bathed or washed with a ten per cent so-

lution of sulphate of copper. Success may attend this treatment, more especially if care be taken to destroy all diseased and fallen berries and trimmings. In this country the only effective prevention, of general application, is that of bagging the grapes when about half-grown. By this means the spores of the fungus are prevented from gaining access to the fruit, or, if they succeed in this, the absence of moisture on the berries prevents their germination."

## The Life of the Apple.

Edmund Hersey, in remarks before the meeting of the New England farmers, who recently discussed the cultivation of the apple, the discussion being phonographically reported for the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, said: "I have nothing to say in regard to the running out of the apple tree. The variety may not run out, but trees will certainly run out. I don't think there is any question about that. It is only a question of time when the wood will become cold. Grafting is only carrying along the same life. It is not renewing life by seed. It is the same life carried on year after year, and of course some kinds will be carried on longer than others. As the wood becomes aged, it gathers disease. I think one fair evidence of that is in the old black pear warts, found especially on the kind known as the Iron pear. The wood has become so old—it has been carried on so many years,—probably 250 or 300 years,—that at the present time it will not mature its buds, nor many of them. You get a very small crop of fruit. But when the tree does bear, it seems to bear as good fruit as fifty years ago. The pear has not run out as much as the life of the tree. It needs to be renewed from the seed. But grafting is not nature's way. That is simply one way of extending the same thing year after year. We take a scion from a tree and put it in another one. That is not a renewal of life, but a continuation of the same life. I think there is no question about it,—a time when that life will become so old that it will pass off and cease to exist, so old that it cannot be renewed. Therefore we must be prepared to meet with new varieties to take the place of those that are dropping off. The Baldwin apple is only a little over one hundred years old, and of course we may expect it will continue 100 or 200 years longer. The Baldwin apple to-day is better and larger than it was fifty years ago. Fifty years ago the Baldwin was a hardy tree, but many of them died. But it seems now to be stronger than it was, and it bears our old winters better than it formerly did. But I apprehend that the time is coming when it will become diseased, and when it will become difficult to propagate it. I think that the Bartlett pear shows signs of weakness at the present time, although some of the trees are perfectly hardy. Some of them have escaped gathering up disease, while others have gathered up diseases, and those diseases may be propagated into other trees. So that when the variety runs out, it will not drop off at once, but it will deteriorate slowly. Those trees which have gathered up disease, which are usually those trees which have been grafted, will drop out first. And those grafted trees which have not been exposed to disease will carry the life of the variety along a great deal longer than the others. But in my opinion, and I have not the least doubt of it, the time will presently come when the variety will cease to exist. If you plant the seed of a Baldwin apple, you don't get a Baldwin apple from that seed. That is the trouble. We could renew the Baldwin apple easily, if the seed would produce the same variety, but it does not. So in order to propagate the Baldwin apple we have got to graft scions into another tree, and we simply continue the same life right along. Of course it keeps along the life if we raise scions in a tree which was not raised from the Baldwin seed, but it does not renew the life. The scion itself contains the old life and it gets some new life from the tree it is put into, if it is properly supplied with food which goes to nourish the new portion of the tree. Now, then, these new parts become aged, they don't produce the results they ought to produce and consequently the life of the tree is at its end."

An Experiment with the White Grub.  
In April last the writer moved into the country and started a garden. In one part of it three hundred strawberry plants were set. The ground had previously been in grass, and was well stocked with the white grub—the larva of the troublesome May beetle. Any experienced strawberry grower would probably say that it was a foolish operation to set strawberry plants in a grassy field, but as no other was available the risk was taken and the difficulties encountered. No sooner had the plants fairly commenced growing, than they began to die, one after another. The withered and dying plants were found to be nearly rootless, and in most instances the white grub that had eaten the roots was found in the ground under the plant.

As a first attempt to stop the destruction, the earth between the rows of plants was dug over and the grubs thus found (about forty) were killed. But all were not found. The destruction still went on, through perhaps less rapidly than before. Wetting the ground about some of the plants with chamber slops was tried, but proved ineffectual. At the suggestion of the State Entomologist, Prof. J. A. Lintner, the burdock remedy, which had been reported as effectual against the root maggots of the onion and cabbage, was tried. A bundle of burdock plants was gathered, cut and pounded according to directions and soaked in water overnight. With this infusion a dozen or more of the strawberry plants in different parts of the patch were watered. Under two of them, as special test plants, living grubs were placed, that they might be in a convenient position to eat the burdock-watered roots, if they were so disposed. But they did not eat them; nor to this day have any of the plants treated at that time been attacked. After the lapse of about two weeks, wishing to see if the remedy was still effectual, another live grub was placed in the soil at the roots of one of the special test plants; but he, like his predecessors, declined the proffered roots. In the meantime the untreated plants were dying, one after another, from the loss of their roots, till now nearly half the number have been destroyed. But the experiment already tried had given me such confidence in the burdock

remedy that the vacant places in the patch were filled with new plants, and these, together with the untreated older ones, were given a dose of burdock water. This put an end to the attacks of the white grub for at least six weeks. Then two of the late-set plants suddenly wilted, and were found to have their roots partly eaten. With this exception, no treated plant has been lost to this day. I am unable to explain the failure in the case of these two plants. Possibly they may not have received so thorough a wetting as the others. Notwithstanding their loss, my confidence in the ability of the burdock remedy to "protect the strawberry plant against the white grub" is unshaken. It may possibly be necessary to apply it twice in a season, but with the exception of these two plants, one application has been sufficient in this case. It does not appear to be at all detrimental to the growth or vigor of the plant.—N. Y. News.

## Care in Growing Seeds.

Last season we grew some very fine Boston marrow squashes, and as they were grown remote from any vines of the same family a quantity of the seed was saved for this season's planting, believing that it would be comparatively pure. The seed was planted in due time, and a wonderful variety was the result. There were pumpkins and squashes of indescribable character, with scarcely a specimen true to the original stock. The product was of no value save to feed to stock. This circumstance brought very forcibly to mind the idea of the necessity of great care on the part of seedsmen in the growth of their seeds. How often it is the case that a seed grower is censured because the seed he puts upon the market does not prove to be pure or true to name, when the cause is one that is extremely difficult to overcome. I believe it is generally conceded that the squash and pumpkin family are very difficult to produce pure for the very active part that bees take in the matter of fertilization. By their efforts a very sure cross-fertilization is effected.—N. E. Farmer.

## Horticultural Notes.

Farm and Garden says Eureka self-blanching celery is simply La Plume under another name.

There is one thing, at least, in which girls are better, more expert and much to be preferred to boys. Horticulturists agree that they make much better fruit gatherers than boys.

The Missouri State Horticultural Society made a fine exhibit of apples at the late meeting at Lexington. There were about 500 plates, of over 50 varieties. Eleven members handed in lists of their favorite sorts, twelve in number, and in the eleven lists, Ben Davis was the only variety named in all.

L. H. BAILEY thinks Russets are a more valuable apple than is generally supposed. If they are barred in the orchard they will not wilt. They should never be stored loose in the cellar. The trees are hardy and uniformly productive. They pay as well, or better, at eighty cents a barrel as Baldwins and others at a dollar. The growers think that there is money in apples at a dollar a barrel for select fruit on the tree.

Mr. BENJAMIN BOWER, a resident of Pleasantville, N. J., sprinkled Paris green on his grape-vines. The wind blew some of it in the face of Miss Alice Bower, his twenty-year-old daughter. She inhaled it unconsciously, and soon after became violently ill. A physician, who was summoned immediately, could do nothing for her, and she died in a few days.

T. B. GOODRICH, an Illinois fruit-grower, advises strongly against trying to raise too many horticultural products at once, so that one crop is wasting while another is being secured. It is best to have a specialty, and excel in it, he thinks. Certain growers in Cobden have become so successful in growing tomatoes that they have them to sell by the wagon load when they are worth a dollar per box.

Farm and Garden says that a wash composed of one pound of caustic soda to one gallon of water applied to the trunks of trees as far down as the roots, will surely kill the apple borer if applied twice or three times from June to December. Whitewash in which Paris green or London purple has been stirred will answer the same purpose. But the surest way is to cut out the borers with a sharp knife or follow them in their tunnels with a wire. Cutting is the surest. The fly kills the young worms as soon as they hatch.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Salt Rheum

The agonies of those who suffer from severe salt rheum are indescribable. The cleansing, healing, purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla are unequalled by any other medicine. "I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it has done wonders for me, ever nearly my entire body. Only those who have suffered from this disease in its worst form can imagine the extent of my affliction. I tried many medicines, but failed to receive benefit until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then the disease began to subside, the

Agonizing Itch and Pain disappeared, and now I am entirely free from the disease. My blood seems to be thoroughly purified, and my general health is greatly benefited." LYMAN ALLEN, Sexton N. E. Church, North Chicago, Ill.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and the calves of his legs, so bad that they would crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

From 108 to 135  
"I was seriously troubled with salt rheum for three years, and receiving no benefit from medical treatment I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now entirely cured of salt rheum; my weight has increased from 160 lbs. to 185." Mrs. ALICE SMITH, Stamford, Conn.

If you suffer from salt rheum, or any blood disease, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many others, and will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Farm and Garden says Eureka self-blanching celery is simply La Plume under another name.

There is one thing, at least, in which girls are better, more expert and much to be preferred to boys. Horticulturists agree that they make much better fruit gatherers than boys.

The Missouri State Horticultural Society made a fine exhibit of apples at the late meeting at Lexington. There were about 500 plates, of over 50 varieties. Eleven members handed in lists of their favorite sorts, twelve in number, and in the eleven lists, Ben Davis was the only variety named in all.

L. H. BAILEY thinks Russets are a more valuable apple than is generally supposed. If they are barred in the orchard they will not wilt. They should never be stored loose in the cellar. The trees are hardy and uniformly productive. They pay as well, or better, at eighty cents a barrel as Baldwins and others at a dollar. The growers think that there is money in apples at a dollar a barrel for select fruit on the tree.

Mr. BENJAMIN BOWER, a resident of Pleasantville, N. J., sprinkled Paris green on his grape-vines. The wind blew some of it in the face of Miss Alice Bower, his twenty-year-old daughter. She inhaled it unconsciously, and soon after became violently ill. A physician, who was summoned immediately, could do nothing for her, and she died in a few days.

T. B. GOODRICH, an Illinois fruit-grower, advises strongly against trying to raise too many horticultural products at once, so that one crop is wasting while another is being secured. It is best to have a specialty, and excel in it, he thinks. Certain growers in Cobden have become so successful in growing tomatoes that they have them to sell by the wagon load when they are worth a dollar per box.

Farm and Garden says that a wash composed of one pound of caustic soda to one gallon of water applied to the trunks of trees as far down as the roots, will surely kill the apple borer if applied twice or three times from June to December. Whitewash in which Paris green or London purple has been stirred will answer the same purpose. But the surest way is to cut out the borers with a sharp knife or follow them in their tunnels with a wire. Cutting is the surest. The fly kills the young worms as soon as they hatch.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Salt Rheum

The agonies of those who suffer from severe salt rheum are indescribable. The cleansing, healing, purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla are unequalled by any other medicine. "I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it has done wonders for me, ever nearly my entire body. Only those who have suffered from this disease in its worst form can imagine the extent of my affliction. I tried many medicines, but failed to receive benefit until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then the disease began to subside, the

Agonizing Itch and Pain disappeared, and now I am entirely free from the disease. My blood seems to be thoroughly purified, and my general health is greatly benefited." LYMAN ALLEN, Sexton N. E. Church, North Chicago, Ill.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and the calves of his legs, so bad that they would crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

From 108 to 135  
"I was seriously troubled with salt rheum for three years, and receiving no benefit from medical treatment I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now entirely cured of salt rheum; my weight has increased from 160 lbs. to 185." Mrs. ALICE SMITH, Stamford, Conn.

If you suffer from salt rheum, or any blood disease, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many others, and will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar  
BONE MEAL for Poultry, Granulated bone and Crushed Oyster Shells. Send for Price List. York City, Pa. Works, York, Pa. 12-13

FOR SALE  
Hart & Jones, Real Estate Agents, BLACKSBURG, VA. 12-30-86

Cheap Farms  
Hart & Jones, Real Estate Agents, BLACKSBURG, VA. 12-30-86

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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SOME

Why not start a business of your own? We



# MICHIGAN FARMER.

— AND —

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,  
— SUCCESSORS TO —  
JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.  
No. 44 Larned Street, West,  
DETROIT, MICH.

\* Subscribers remitting money to this office  
should confer a favor by having their letters regis-  
tered, or by procuring a money order, otherwise  
we cannot be responsible for the money.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-  
office as second class matter.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 129,459 bu., against 100,572 bu., the previous week and 103,831 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 18,414 bu. against 30,406 bu. the previous week, and 11,563 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 3,416,000 bu., against 3,242,909 bu. last week and 2,192,863 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 25 was 62,364,343 bu. against 61,459,774 bu. the previous week, and 58,431,813 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 804,469 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Dec. 25 were 981,337 bu. against 1,137,456 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 9,418,416 bu. against 1,006,794 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

Wheat has been active all week, and towards the close of the week showed strong symptoms of a "boom." On Thursday prices made a sharp advance, both spot and futures being included in the rise. Friday the market opened a little lower, recovered a little, weakened again under large offerings, but just before the close, under favorable advices from other points, values again advanced, and finally closed higher than on Thursday. The sales for the week were 3,156,000 bu., against 1,314,000 bu. the previous week. The week also closed with prices higher at Chicago, New York and Liverpool. The market yesterday was generally strong, especially on spot, and a general advance of 10 1/2 cts. per bu. took place on all grades. Futures were not so strong, and the advance was less. The visible supply showed an increase of over 400,000 bu., but the foreign markets were firm and the shipping demand good. Chicago closed firm and higher, as was Toledo, New York was firm and higher on spot, but futures were dull and irregular. Liverpool was strong with good demand.

The following table exhibits the closing prices of spot wheat from December 15th to January 3d inclusive:

	No. 1 White.	No. 2 Red.	No. 3 Red.
Dec. 15	79 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 16	80 1/2	81 1/2	78 1/2
" 17	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 18	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 19	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 20	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 21	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 22	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 23	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 24	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 25	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 26	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 27	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 28	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 29	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 30	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 31	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
Jan. 1	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 2	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2
" 3	80 1/2	80 1/2	77 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various deals of No. 1 white:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.
Tuesday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Wednesday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Thursday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Friday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Saturday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
Sunday	81 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.
Tuesday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2
Sunday	80 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2

The last day of the year closed with a strong tone in all kinds of grain and provisions. It looks as if the era of depression in farm products was about over, and that an advance in values is not only possible but highly probable. The advance so far seems to be entirely legitimate, and is based largely upon the increased activity in the demand for export. There are plenty of war rumors, but were they believed in the advance in prices would be much greater than it has been. The British markets are all firm and showing a strong upward tendency. A Liverpool weekly grain circular says of the market:

"The grain trade is very strong. The year closes with unusual activity. Wheat is dearer in all positions. There is a large inquiry from speculators. The demand from millers is small, but it is expected to increase after the turn of the year. Cargoes are held at 6d. advance and few are offered. At yesterday's market there was a large attendance with a strong feeling. Wheat was very firm and a fair business was done at an advance of 1 1/2d over Tuesday's rates. In four good business was done, mostly at an advance of 6d. Maize was in good demand at an advance of about 1/2d.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	64,000,000
On passage for U. S.	14,000,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	6,000,000
Total Dec. 15, 1886	84,000,000
Total previous week	80,140,000
Total two weeks ago	78,000,000
Total Dec. 15, 1885	75,077,000

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Dec. 25 were 1,475,000 to 1,600,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Dec. 18 the receipts are estimated to

have been 8,797,440 bu. less than the consumption.

The Liverpool market is quoted higher than last week. Winter wheat is quoted at 75 1/2d @ 76 1/2d, spring at 74 1/2d @ 75 1/2d, and California No. 1 at 78 1/2d @ 79 1/2d per cental.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 52,719 bu., against 84,093 bu. the previous week, and 108,831 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 43,876 bu., against 30,378 bu. the previous week, and 156,458 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on Dec. 25 amounted to 13,584,605 bu. against 12,643,603 bu. the previous week, and 8,330,695 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 430,000 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 860,284 bu., against 648,285 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,011,751 bu., against 6,592,895 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 201,033 bu. against 154,323 bu. last week and 81,654 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Corn, in sympathy with wheat, has advanced since our last report, reaching the highest point on Thursday, and declining a little on Friday, closing quiet. No. 2 spot is quoted here at 38 1/2 cts. and No. 3 at 38c. At Chicago the market is more active and stronger, but still unsettled and irregular. Quotations on spot there are 37 1/2 @ 37 3/4 cts. for No. 2 yellow, and 35c for No. 3. In futures December delivery was quoted at 37 1/2 cts. January at 37 1/4 cts., February at 37 1/4 cts. and May at 43 1/4 cts. New York is also higher, but closed weak. The Liverpool market is quoted steady at an advance. Quotations there yesterday were as follows: New mixed spot, 4s. 7d. per cental; December delivery, 4s. 6 1/2 d.; January, 4s. 6 1/2 d.; February, 4s. 5d.

The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 25 was 4,906,455 bu., against 5,098,639 bu. the previous week, and 2,880,968 bu. Dec. 26, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were nothing against 10,042 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks were 181,804 bu. against 483,180 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows a decrease of 109,054 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 26,352 bu. and 54,462 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 14,370 bu., against 11,592 bu. the previous week, and 34,553 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 3,660 bu., against 3,600 bu. the previous week, and 6,759 bu. for same week in 1885. Oats maintain a dull but steady tone, with values showing a slight advance during the week. No. 2 white are now quoted at 33c per bu., No. 2 mixed at 30c, and light mixed are nominal at 31c. The movement is not active, but the demand is sufficient to prevent any accumulation of stocks. The Chicago market is reported active, firm and higher. Street sales there are on the basis of 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2 cts. for No. 2 white, 27 @ 29 1/2 cts. for No. 3, and 27 1/2 @ 30c for No. 2 mixed. In futures No. 2 mixed for January is quoted at 26 1/2 cts. per bu., February at 26 1/2 cts. and May at 31c. The New York market is more active, firm and higher for spot, while futures are less active and firm. No. 2 white are quoted at 30 1/2 @ 30 3/4 cts. per bu., No. 3 white at 35 1/2 @ 36 cts. and No. 2 mixed at 35 1/2 @ 35 3/4 cts. In futures No. 2 mixed sold at 35 1/2 @ 35 3/4 cts. for January, 36 1/2 @ 36 3/4 cts. for February, and 37 1/2 cts. for May. The range of values seems to be gradually working upwards.

## OATS.

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## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

As yet we can see no improvement in the market, which remains dull and weak. Prices have also declined in this market since our last report, and choice dairy is now quoted at 15 1/2 cts. extra selections at 17c, and 12 1/2 cts. for fair to good. Creamery is also lower, and quotations now are 24 @ 28c for good to choice. Receipts are large, and the quality of a good share of the stocks now held here not up to a high mark. While our market is in this condition others are reported to be active and strong. At Chicago the situation is very favorable to sellers. The Tribune says the market has not been in such good shape at the close of the year as it is now for a long time. Prices are well maintained. Fancy selections of creamery quoted at 30 @ 31 cts. per lb. Fine Iowa, Wisconsin, and similar make range at 26 @ 28c; choice, 21 @ 23c; common and packing stocks, 9 @ 12c. The New York market is also higher for best quality, and the trade seems to be in very good shape. The Daily Bulletin says:

"The dairy creamery goods sell closely enough, as quantity is too small to give receivers any trouble, but all other closely stocked accumulates a little. Much of the Western of course shows seasonal defects of flavor, and over such there is an occasional shaking of the head, but holders contend that as soon as winter increases, fault finding will be less noticeable, and no abatement in the price of valuation is made. State dairy is quiet, but generally held with steadiness, and the supply seems to be in good hands. Western packings cost about old rates and meet with some attention, especially the best lots of factory."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	Eastern.	Western.
Creamery, tubs, choice	30	28
Creamery, tubs, prime	28	26
Creamery, good	26	24
Creamery, fair	24	22
Creamery, ordinary	22	20
Creamery, June, good	17	15
State dairy half-drink tubs, fancy	27	25
State dairy half-drink tubs, choice	25	23
State dairy half-drink tubs, fair	23	21
State dairy half-drink tubs, ordinary	21	19
State dairies, entire, good	25	23
State dairies, entire, ordinary	23	21
State dairy drins, choice	23	21
State dairy drins, fair	21	19
State dairy, Welsh, fine	24	22
State dairy, Welsh, prime	22	20
State dairy, Welsh, fine	20	18

Western.

Creamery, tubs, choice

Creamery, tubs, prime

Creamery, good

Creamery, fair

Creamery, ordinary

Creamery, June, good

State dairy half-drink tubs, fancy

State dairy half-drink tubs, choice

State dairy half-drink tubs, fair

State dairy half-drink tubs, ordinary

State dairies, entire, good

State dairies, entire, ordinary

State dairy drins, choice

State dairy drins, fair

State dairy, Welsh, fine

State dairy, Welsh, prime

State dairy, Welsh, fine

State dairy, Welsh, prime

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State dairy, Welsh, fine

State dairy, Welsh, prime

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending December 25 were 300,385 lbs., against 204,510 lbs. the previous week, and 189,750 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 194,099 lbs.

The markets all seem to be quiet, firm, and very steady. Few of them show any change in values during the week. In this market prices are unchanged. New York full cream is quoted at 13 1/2 @ 14c, Michigan at 13 @ 13 1/2 cts., and Ohio at 12 1/2 @ 13c. The Chicago market seems to be slightly higher on some grades. Choice skins are quiet and other grades inactive. The market rules very firm. Fine full cream cheddars and flats (two in a box), 12 @ 13 1/2 cts. per lb. and Young Americas, 12c; choice skins, 8 @ 9c; common to good do, 2 @ 5c; fancy imitation Swiss, 12 @ 13 1/2 cts. At New York the line of quotations is unchanged, and the market seems rather dull at the moment, the result, probably, of dealers holding back during the holidays. The export demand is light, but so far holders seem to maintain prices very easily, and with light stocks in the country it is not at all likely that prices will recede. Quotations in the New York market yesterday were as follows:

State factory, fancy, on domestic order, 13 @ 13 1/2 cts.  
State factory, choice, 12 1/2 @ 13 cts.  
State factory, prime, 11 1/2 @ 12 cts.  
State factory, good, 10 1/2 @ 11 cts.  
State factory, medium, 9 1/2 @ 10 cts.  
State factory, fair, 8 1/2 @ 9 cts.  
State factory, skim, common, 10 @ 10 1/2 cts.  
State factory, skim, average, 11 @ 11 1/2 cts.  
State factory, skim, selections, 11 1/2 @ 12 cts.  
State factory, skim, fine, 12 1/2 @ 13 cts.  
State factory, skim, extra fine, 13 1/2 @ 14 cts.  
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State factory, skim, extra fine, 95 1/2 @ 96 cts.  
State factory, skim, extra fine, 96 1/2 @ 97 cts.  
State factory, skim, extra fine, 97 1/2 @ 98 cts.  
State factory, skim, extra fine, 98 1/2 @ 99 cts.  
State factory, skim, extra fine, 99 1/2 @ 100 cts.

IS IT RIGHT?

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the issue of the MICHIGAN FARMER of November 16, under the above caption I find an article written by a person who signs himself Old Genesee, in which (in the imagination of the writer at least) he deals some very destructive and fatal blows at the doctrine of protection to American industries, and makes the census returns of 1880 furnish the basis of his attack.

From the figures he produces and which he claims are taken from the census returns of 1880, he shows that certain woolen manufacturers make not less than 35 per cent profit on the capital invested in producing woolen fabrics, and also that this immense profit accrues to those manufacturers on account of the vicious operation of the protective tariff now in force, to the injury of all other capital not thus protected. Which makes as he claims, the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Before examining Old Genesee's figures, and showing the falsity of his conclusions, I invite his careful attention to a proposition, which invariably controls the movements of capital relative to its investment; and that proposition is that capital being selfish, like every other human interest, Old Genesee included, seeks those investments that give the largest profits and best dividends.

Therefore when any enterprise, I care not from what cause, yields unusually large profits, you will find capital steadily going into that enterprise till it has reduced those large profits that Old Genesee complains of to a level with other investments. Capital will not go into a business that yields but ten or fifteen per cent profit, when it can just as well have twenty-five or thirty-five per cent profit, for there is nothing particularly benevolent about capital.

This principle relative to the investments of capital is recognized by all writers on political economy, and to entirely ignore it as Old Genesee has ignored it, in the article referred to, is conclusive evidence of one of two things; either that Old Genesee is totally ignorant of one of the elementary principles of political economy, or that he wrote the article with the intention to deceive his readers.

It will not of course be claimed that any one man or set of men have a monopoly of this branch of industry. But on the contrary, it must be admitted that capital is as free to enter into the business of producing woolen goods, as it is to go into the business of buying farms or building railroads.

If it is true as Old Genesee affirms that manufacturing woolen goods yields 35 per cent profit, which is a much larger profit than the ordinary business investment yields, we may ask Old Genesee why capital don't go into this branch of business instead of going into some other business that yields a much less profit. It seems to us it would be interesting to have Old Genesee explain that just a little—for we out here in the country have an idea that capital has a hankering for large profits; and also that before investing, a careful survey is made with this very end in view; to ascertain which of the different enterprises will give the best returns on the capital invested, and the one that promises the largest profits, is the one in which the capital will be invested.

And yet if Old Genesee's theory is true, capital is constantly being invested in enterprises that only give from eight to fifteen per cent profit, when it might just as well have thirty-five if it would but go into the business of making woolen fabrics. Now it is said that things are as important as they are true.

We will therefore now examine Old Genesee's figures and see if they are true. The figures I find in the article referred to are the following:

Manufacturers of woolens. 1,999



## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM,**  
GROSSE ISLE,  
Wayne Co., Mich.  
Savage & Farnum  
PROPRIETORS.



**IMPORTED & PURE-BRED PERCHERON HORSES**  
All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. Our latest importation arrived August 12. We have one of the largest studs in the country to select from, including all ages, weights and colors, of both stallions and mares. Send for large illustrated cloth-bound Catalogue, free by mail. Address: SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

**1839** The Sothams Identified with Herefords in America for Half a Century. **1887.**  
Stockfolds Herds and Flocks.

**Blatchford's Royal Stock Food CATTLE CAKE.**  
It contains a larger percentage of oil and albumen than ordinary oil meal and is a more easily digested form. Combined with Flesh, Fat and Milk-Producing Elements of the Highest Known Value to the feeder. No stockowner should be without this cake to mix with the ordinary feed.



**Blatchford's Calf-Rearing Meal**  
Is endorsed by Agricultural Experiment Stations and Prominent Farmers throughout the country as the best specific substitute for milk in rearing calves and young stock in a healthy, thrifty condition. It is an absolute preventive of scouring. Invaluable for saving new milk and cream. Costs less than half a cent per lb. For directions and testimonials send for "Pamphlet on Feeding," issued and mailed free.

**Hereford Cattle, Cotswold Sheep and Berkshires Hogs.**  
Go to Headquarters for choice stock at reasonable prices. At the head of our Hereford stands imported Stockfolds with 2800, winner of eight ewe prizes and first prize last fall, the best bred bull in Michigan. Our herd represents the most famous blood of the breed, and young bulls for sale. Choice cows and heifers in calf to Stockfolds with a specialty. Personal inspection and correspondence welcome. Send for our new illustrated 60 page catalogue. Address: **SOOTHAM & SONS, Pontiac, Mich.**

place on the 31st at Washington. The friends of Mrs. Logan are raising a fund to pay off the mortgage on the house at Chicago and settle the outstanding liabilities of the general, and it is thought the amount necessary, \$30,000, will be readily contributed.

A New Jersey gentleman recently left Henry George a legacy of \$6,000 to be used in distributing George's books. But the "agitator" discovered the widow of the legatee was poor and in distress, and has taken steps to have the bequest made over to her. He says his party needs money, but will not take it from a poor widow.

Three sleigh-loads of school children returning from their annual sleigh ride were on the track of the N. Y. Central at Niagara Falls on the 30th, when a train struck the sleigh. Nobody was killed, but the sleigh was overturned, and half a dozen were hurt. One sleigh was cut in two and a boy carried off on the cowcatcher of the engine. The children were making such a noise that the whistle of the train could not be heard.

An Italian girl named Pepita Laborer, while standing on the platform of the elevated road at New York, suddenly slipped and fell to the track. The train was but 15 feet away, and though the engine was instantly reversed, could not be stopped and the unfortunate girl was instantly killed. The body could not be recovered except by lifting the engine, and traffic was suspended till Jacks were could be brought and adjusted.

New York Socialists have found their imported "lion," Dr. Aveling, who came there from Europe "for the good of the cause," an expensive luxury. They paid him \$1,800 for three weeks' work, and he brought in a bill of \$800 for cigars and wine, theatre tickets and carriage bouquets for his wife as "incidental expenses." This was not thought quite in harmony with Socialist theories, and the agitator was glad to compromise on \$100.

A. P. Nichols, school commissioner of Westboro, N. J., horsewhipped a young lady whom he claimed was too attentive to him. Since then the town has been getting up comfortably torrid for him, and when he finally decided to change his residence the village trustees passed resolutions thanking him for removing himself, and on the occasion of his departure the young men of the place fired cannon, carried his effigy through the streets and finally burned it in the public square.

The President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce recently received a letter purporting to be written by Core Walker, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., in which he represented himself as 14 years old, father dead, mother an invalid and three younger children dependent upon her for support. She begged aid to enable her to buy a sewing machine to enable her to earn money for the family, and referred to one Willmont. The letter, written to the postmaster-general has ordered the money returned to the sender.

Foreign.  
Madagascar has secured a loan of \$3,000,000 from French parties.

The total loss of life in the recent snows in Germany is set down at 200.

Lord Harrington has informed Lord Salisbury that the liberal unionists have decided not to form a coalition ministry.

The Porte has rejected the guarantees of the German company for the building of torpedo boats and will invite new bidders.

At Madrid, British India, on the 21st ult., the broke out in the buildings in which the annual fair is held, and the rumor is that several hundred persons were burned to death.

There is a possibility that diplomatic complications may lead to a war in Europe. The powers are silently but surely preparing for such a possibility by mobilizing their forces, increasing their armies and strengthening their defenses.

You Can Learn How to Get Rich by sending your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you full information about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards easily earned. Some have earned over \$500 a day. All succeed grandly. All are new. You are started free. Capital not required. Delay not. All of the above will be proved to you, and you will find yourself on the road to a handsome fortune, with a large and absolutely sure income from the very start.

## DIRECTORY

### CATTLE - Short-horns.

**A. CHANDLER**, breeder of Short-horn cattle, the Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. A. C. Chandler, breeder of Short-horn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome, Mich.

**D. D. GORMAN**, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle. Stock farm half a mile east of station. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. Write for prices and particulars. 1887.

**J. COOK**, Orono, breeder of Short-horn cattle, Poland China swine and Shropshire sheep. Stock for sale. Write for prices and particulars. 1887.

**A. F. COOK**, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle. Good family reputation. Bull Major Craggs at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. Write for prices and particulars. 1887.

**ARTHUR ANDERSON**, Monticello, Allegan Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle, established 15 years, with 2750 by 330 Duke of Airrie and Minkie's Duke by Barrington Duke 30 years at head. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**D. J. B. BACHELOR**, Ocala, Cal., breeder of Short-horn cattle, Michigan and Shropshire sheep. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also Merino sheep. Terms reasonable. 1887.

**C. L. GLENN & SON**, Gilead, Branch Co., breeders of Short-horn cattle. Families in the herd: April Morn, Phyllis, Miss Wiley, Rose of Sharon and Blossom. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**CHARLES F. MOORE**, breeder of pure-bred Short-horn cattle, St. Clair, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly attended to. 1887.

**CHARLES FISHER**, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., Breeder of Short-horn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Baronet, Belle Bates 4711, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Slapton Lee, Sallina and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. 1887.

**H. H. BARNES & SON**, Bennington, Shropshire sheep, Short-horn cattle, Merino sheep and Berkshire hogs. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. 1887.

**C. H. BACKUS**, Springdale Stock Farm, Williamstown, Ingham Co., breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle, Vermont and Michigan bred Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**DAVID P. WILCOX**, Forest Hill Stock Farm, Breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**M. UHL**, Brookside Herd, Ypsilanti, Choice Short-horn cattle of the best milking and beef making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**B. BURNETT & SON**, breeders of Short-horn cattle, all stock registered. Residence, Forest Hill, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**A. A. BRADEN**, Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shropshire sheep, breeder of pure-bred Short-horn cattle, the Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**FRANK E. IVES**, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Undulla, Livingston Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**GEORGE W. STUART**, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**W. ARMS**, Portland, breeder of Short-horn cattle, the Young Bull and other popular strains of blood. Young bulls for sale. 1887.

**HENRY BROOKS**, Brooks Farm, Wilson, Livingston Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**HENRY LESLIE**, Oakdale Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**H. H. BARNES & SON**, Bennington, Shropshire sheep, Short-horn cattle, Merino sheep and Berkshire hogs. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. 1887.

**J. A. DEVINE**, Holly, breeder of Short-horn cattle, the Young Bull and other popular strains of blood. Young bulls for sale. 1887.

**JOHN C. SHARP**, "Hillside Farm," Jackson, Mich., breeder of Short-horn cattle and Poland China swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**JAMES D. BOTSFOOT**, Orono, Centre, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle, registered and grade Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1887.

**JAMES MOORE**, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Short-horn cattle of leading tribes, herd headed by Gloster Wild Eyes 5629. Also Berkshire hogs, Shropshire sheep, Highland Scotch sheep and Jersey Red swine. 1887.

**J. F. FISK & SON**, Johnston, Barry County, Mich., breeders of Short-horn cattle, registered American Merino sheep, registered American Shropshire sheep, Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte fowls. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. Bedford, Johnston Co., Mich. 1887.

**JOHN JOY**, Adia, Genesee Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. Stock for sale. 1887.

**JOHN MCKAY**, Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of Short-horn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**JOSEPH SVETKEY**, North Plains Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Short-horn cattle. Families and color (red) stock for sale; also Shropshire sheep. Write for prices. 1887.

### Holstein-Friesians.

**A. UNDERWOOD**, Addison, breeder and dealer in Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**CHAS. F. GILLMAN**, "Pondock Stock Farm," Pownam, breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle and Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**C. V. SHELLEY**, North Farmington, Oakland Co., breeder of Holstein-Friesians. Stock for sale of the famous Yema family. Yema 1887. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**ER. PHILLIPS**, Bay City, breeder and importer of Holstein-Friesian cattle. Correspondence solicited. Intending purchasers invited to call and inspect stock. 1887.

**JOHN ABBOTT**, Lapeer, Lapeer Co., breeder of pure-bred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Friesian 880 at head. Choice young stock for sale. Prices moderate. Office over First National Bank. 1887.

**J. M. STEERING**, Monroe, breeder of pure-bred Holstein-Friesian cattle. All stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Choice stock for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**NOOKCHICKAMA HERD** of Holstein-Friesian cattle. Cows and heifers, and calves of all ages are now offered at reasonable prices from this splendid herd. Address: F. W. DUNHAM, West Bay City, Mich. 1887.

**STONE & BIGGS**, Hastings, breeders of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle. John 912 at head. Stock for sale. Write for prices and catalogue. 1887.

**W. B. CLARK**, Hillsdale, breeder of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesians from imported stock. Stock for sale. 1887.

**W. E. SEKTON**, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock farm, three miles south. 1887.

**BATES & MARTIN**, Grand River Herd of Jersey, Old Noble and Albert 44 families. Choice young stock for sale. Address, 10 N. Canal St., Grand Rapids. Farm five miles east of city. 1887.

**SMITH BROS.**, Eagle, Meadow Brook Herd of Jersey, Stock of the highest quality and of the best strains. Houdan chickens. 1887.

**W. J. G. DEAN**, Hanover, high-class Jerseys of the Roter-Alpha and Grand Duke 3197 at head of the herd. Registered Merino sheep. 1887.

**RIVERDALE STOCK FARM**, Melanora, Lapeer Co., Howell, Mich. Merino sheep and Berkshire hogs. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**THOMAS FOSTER**, Elm Grove Stock Farm, Flint, Genesee Co., breeder of Hereford cattle (Lord Berwick 3d at head), Cotswold and Shropshire sheep, Berkshire hogs, Monarch and Trotting horses, with stallions Phil and Mabel 3197 at head, in the stud, with eleven mares of Hambleton and Hambleton breeding. 1887.

**Galloways.**  
**R. B. CARLIS**, Essex, Clinton Co., St. Johns and Galloway cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**SHEEP - Merinos.**  
**A. WOOD**, Salina, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland-China hogs, herd started from B. G. Bush of Little Prairie, Iowa, and G. W. Harrington, of Paw Paw. 1887.

**C. E. LOCKWOOD**, Washington, Macomb County, breeder of Registered Merino sheep. Descended directly from the Hammond stock. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**CHAS. E. SOUTHWELL**, Marshall, Mich., breeder of Merino sheep. Stock registered in Vermont and Michigan. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**BURLINGAME & SON**, Byron, Shropshire sheep, breeder of Registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**P. W. WELCH**, Paw Paw, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. Alwood rams, Rattler and Little Giant, at head of stock. Stock for sale. 1887.

**P. W. DEAN**, Maple Avenue Stock Farm, Paw Paw, Mich., breeder of Jersey and Merino cattle. All stock registered. Also Poland-China hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**J. THOMPSON**, Romeo, Macomb County, Mich., breeder of Thoroughbred Registered Merino sheep. Also Poland-China hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**J. EVARTS SMITH**, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont. Rams and ewes for sale of my own breeding. Also Merino sheep, registered in Vermont. The best stock in Vt. Examine before buying elsewhere. 1887.

**J. E. ROGERS**, Salina, Washington Co., breeder of thoroughbred Vermont registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1887.

**J. H. SNOW**, Birmingham, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**J. S. WOOD**, Salina, Washington Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1887.

**R. HATHAWAY**, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred American Merino sheep, registered in Vermont and Michigan. Rams, Rams and Ewes for sale of my own breeding. Also Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**S. C. LOWMEAD**, Addison, Lenawee Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**S. O. HADLEY**, Undulla, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred and registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale; correspondence promptly answered. 1887.

**W. M. C. SMITH**, Brookfield, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep. The premier flock in this part of the State. Stock for sale. P. O. Carson City, Montclair, Mich. 1887.

### HOGS - Berkshires & Suffolks.

**A. W. COOLEY**, Coldwater, Branch Co., breeder of pure-bred Berkshires hogs. Pigs and young breeding stock for sale at reasonable prices. All of my pure-bred hogs are recorded in the American Berkshire Record. Write for prices. 1887.

**A. & H. C. WRIGHT**, Grand Blanc, breeders of pure-bred Essex swine. Choice young stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 1887.

**FEIRA BROWN**, Englewood, Kent County, breeder of Berkshires and the best known recorded stock. Stock for sale. 1887.

**Poland-Chinas.**  
**A. O. BOWEN**, Wixom, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. All stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Choice stock for sale. 1887.

**A. L. LIMBECK**, Dowagiac, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. All stock in Ohio P. C. Record. Breeding stock not for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**C. HAYES**, Ithaca, Gratiot Co., breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. Young stock for sale to suit the times. 1887.

**C. W. JONES**, Richland, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. My breeding stock all recorded in both the Ohio and American Poland-China Records. 1887.

**C. F. HARRINGTON**, Paw Paw, breeder of pure-bred Poland-China swine. All stock in Ohio P. C. Record. Breeding stock not for sale at reasonable prices. Also Merino sheep. All stock bred from recorded animals. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**G. W. INMAN**, Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co., Mich., breeder of Poland-China swine of the most popular strains. Some superior young pigs for sale cheap. Also Merino sheep. All stock bred from recorded animals. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**H. L. LINTZ**, Oak Ridge Stock Farm, Rochester, Mich., breeder and shipper of Poland-China swine. All stock bred from the most noted families, and all breeding stock recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Stock for sale. 1887.

**H. W. RILEY & CO.**, Greenville, Montcalm Co., breeders and shippers of Poland-China swine; all recorded in Ohio Poland-China record. Correspondence solicited. 1887.

**Chester Whites.**  
**C. A. SEARING**, Lyons, Ionia Co., breeder and shipper of Chester Whites and Shropshire cattle. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited and personal inspection invited. Reduced rates by express. 1887.

**W. W. TUBBS**, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co., Mich., breeder of pure Suffolk and Chester Whites. Choice stock for sale. 1887.

**Cheshires.**  
**L. W. FITCH**, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of pure-bred Cheshires. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 1887.

**Duroo-Jerseys.**  
**JOHN W. FOSTER**, Flint, Genesee Co., breeder and shipper of pure-bred Duroo Jersey Red swine, registered Aurore Merino sheep and Black-headed Red game fowls. 1887.

**Small Yorkshires.**  
**W. M. HILBERT**, North Lansing, breeder of Small Yorkshires pigs of best known strains of blood. All breeding stock recorded. 1887.

**HORSES - Draft and Trotting.**  
Persons visiting either of the three following breeding establishments will be carried to the others if desired.

**WOODMAN**, Paw Paw, breeder of Percheron horses, Imp. Duke, Friesian, Monarch and Gray Duke in the stud. Stock for sale at all times at moderate prices. An breeding Shetland horses and Jersey cows. Come and see or write for what you want. 1887.

**W. HAYDON**, Deane, Van Buren Co., N. Y., breeder of full-blooded Percheron horses. The head of stud is imported Chere, winner of four first prizes and gold medals in France, Ireland and at first prize and gold medal at the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1878. Also thoroughbred Merino sheep for sale. 1887.

**HILLSIDE STOCK FARM**, Watervliet, Berrien Co., Mich., breeder of Percheron horses, Imp. Duke, Friesian, Monarch and Gray Duke in the stud. Stock for sale at all times at moderate prices. An breeding Shetland horses and Jersey cows. Come and see or write for what you want. 1887.

**H. C. BENTON**, "Maple Hill Side," Northville, Wayne County, breeder of draft and trotting horses with a fine team of Percherons, a coach, and the trotters Neptune and Joquin Miller in service. 1887.

**R. G. HART**, Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and Standard-bred Trotting horses; Devon, Galloway and Hereford cattle; Merino sheep and Cheshires hogs. All stock registered. Farm adjoining Galloway, Livingston and Washtenaw counties. Sale stables in the city. Come or write me. 1887.

**POULTRY.**  
**T. C. ARMS**, Portland, breeder of high class Light Brahma's, a fine lot of chicks for sale. Bure and write for prices. 1887.

**J. H. HAYNES**, Deane, breeder of high class Leghorns, and fancy poultry. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Brown Leghorns. Send for illustrated circular. 1887.

**LOUIS MEYER**, Brighton, breeder of high class Light Brahma's, Langshans, Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, Wyandottes and Game fowls. Chickens and eggs for sale in season. 1887.

**MRS. W. J. LAWRENCE**, Battle Creek, Mich., breeder of pure-bred poultry. L. and D. Chicks, Langshans, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Japanese, Royal Pheasants and Golden Seabirds. Poultry, Toulouse and Embury geese. Rouses and ducks. Send for circular. Post for Pearl Pheasants, and dealer in game birds. Also registered Merino sheep and Poland-China swine. Stock for sale and eggs in season. 1887.

**W. W. McDOWELL**, Howell, breeder of high class poultry. Light Brahma's, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Japanese, Royal Pheasants and Golden Seabirds. Poultry, Toulouse and Embury geese. Rouses and ducks. Send for circular. Post for Pearl Pheasants, and dealer in game birds. Also registered Merino sheep and Poland-China swine. Stock for sale and eggs in season. 1887.

**MERRILL & FIFIELD**  
Importers and breeders of myr  
**B. J. BIDWELL**, Tecumseh, Mich.  
WE, the Todd Improved, Cheshires, and other breeds, are now on hand. KING in the show ring.

On the farm with us may be seen a very fine lot of pure-bred Cheshires, for Circulars, send for full particulars, address: W. W. McDOWELL, Howell, Mich.

**Short-horn Bulls For Sale.**  
Bulls, heifers, cows, and calves of choice milking strains and bred by high blood. For particulars address  
**B. J. BIDWELL**, Tecumseh, Mich.

**Short-horn Bulls For Sale.**  
Bulls, heifers, cows, and calves of choice milking strains and bred by high blood. For particulars address  
**B. J. BIDWELL**, Tecumseh, Mich.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### GRAND RAPIDS HERD

#### HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

About 100 head of both sexes and all ages. Several head of bulls ready for service, age up to two years. Choice cows and heifers bred in my prize bulls Prime Midland and J. Jones Carver, who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not skin for foundation stock. Everything registered and guaranteed pure-bred. Write for catalogue and prices or come and see the herd.

**M. L. SWEET**, 33 Pearl Street, (Sweet's Hotel Block), Grand Rapids, Mich. 1887.

#### L. W. & O. BARNES,

"LAKE VIEW" STOCK FARM,  
Byron, (Shawassaw Co.) Mich.

Breeders of pure-bred Poland China swine and registered Merino sheep. Swine recorded in O. P. C. Record. Our herd is one of the finest, pure bred herds in the State, and has taken more premiums at the Michigan State Fair in the past five years than any other herd. We breed only from animals of fine quality, as well as gilt-edged pedigrees. We have now for sale a superior lot of young hogs and sows; dark in color, and of fine quality. Prices reasonable. Write, or come and see us. Special rates by express. 1887.

**ATTENTION**  
Breeders of Southdown Sheep

A rare chance is given to secure a thorough-bred flock of Southdown sheep. The only flock in this State recorded in the American Southdown Record. It is headed by the ram

**VISCOUNT 516**, from the flock of Lord Walsingham, of England. The flock consists of 26 ewes, eight ewe lambs, seven rams and seven ram lambs, all registered or eligible to register.

They must be sold to close up an estate and will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, address  
**E. T. MONTGOMERY**, Ionia, Mich. 1887.

**G. F. HARRINGTON**, PAW PAW, MICH.,  
BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF  
Pure-Bred Poland-China Swine.

I have a choice lot of last April pigs which will sell very low the next few days. For sex, in pairs or herds not skin. Would exchange for pure-bred hogs, or a part of them, for suitable for building a barn or fencing, would also exchange for a good registered Shropshire heifer or steer. My pigs were sired by Magnate 5689, winner of five first prizes in classes and two sweepstakes; Rambo 7889, winner of four first prizes and one prize in classes and two sweepstakes; Rambo 7889, winner of four first prizes and one prize in classes and two sweepstakes; Rambo 7889, winner of four first prizes and one prize in classes and two sweepstakes. The above hogs are from the most noted and prize-winning strains in the State. Write, or come and see. Special rates by express. 1887.

**PRIZE-WINNING BERKSHIRES**  
FOR SALE  
FROM THE MOUND SPRING HERD

**C. HIBBARD & SON**,  
Bennington, Mich.



## Poetry.

## THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

A cloud came out of the golden west,  
A bell rang over the silent air;  
The sun-cloud hurried away to rest,  
Flinging with kisses each cloud he prest,  
And, Oh! but the day was fair.

"How brightly the year goes out," they said:  
"The glow of the sunset lingers long,  
Knowing the year will be over and dead,  
Heed hours over—its feet long fled—  
With service of even song."

"How sadly the year came in," they said:  
"I listened and wondered in dusk of night;  
To me no year that might come instead  
Of the old friend numbered among the dead  
Could ever be half so bright."

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray,  
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,  
Waiting to ring the year away  
In strains that were ever too glad and gay  
For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts that beat in a million breasts,  
Oh, lips that utter the same old phrase,  
I wonder that never a sorrow rests  
In words you utter to friends and guests  
In the new year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be?  
Have new years only a gladder sound?  
For ever and always it seems to me  
That no new face can be sweet to see  
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,  
The bell is silent in misty air,  
The year has gone to its last long rest,  
And I, who loved and who knew it best,  
Shall meet—God knows where!

—All the Year Round.

## REVIEWS.

If I do resolve to-day  
That I'll guard with greatest care  
Everything I do and say;  
And continually beware  
That from evil acts I shrink,  
Will I do it, do you think?

If I promise to myself  
That my conduct shall be right,  
Will the promise of itself  
Help me to keep the plight?  
Will I need a firmer link  
To bind the promise, do you think?

Had I better not, by far,  
Make no resolve at all,  
But do those things that are  
Ever handy at my call?  
Then on a New Year's brink,  
Need I promise, do you think?

—Inter Ocean.

## Miscellaneous.

## A PAST HISTORY.

I was "doing" the Riviera with my nephew, Jack Merivale, when one morning that I had stayed indoors to write letters to friends in England Jack came bursting in like a whirlwind.

He was a young fellow of about three-and-twenty, frank, generous of disposition, handsome of face, devoted to art, was an artist by profession, and most charmingly, romantically poor. Perhaps this was why he, especially, was my favorite; also why I had made him my heir, though of that he was ignorant.

"Aunt," he cried, "put aside your letters and come out! Don't say no—you must! I have seen one of the sweetest faces I ever saw in my life!"

"Hoity, toity!" I exclaimed, "my dear Jack, this looks ominous—dangerous. Is this marvel a native?"

"No; a visitor, like ourselves," replied Jack, who had crossed to the window and was peering out to the right, then to the left. "They came last night, and Fred Norris, who fortunately knows them, is going to introduce me. As to ominous and dangerous, aunt, if you mean that it looks very much as if I were in love, I plead guilty at once. I am over head and ears in love, and shall be the most miserable fellow on earth if I cannot win her!"

"Pray, Jack, moderate your transport, and talk sense. In these practical days of science and school-boards love at first sight has gone out of fashion, like all other romance."

"Then it is," broke in Jack, with an artist's and lover's enthusiasm, "because love's eye never looked upon such a face as the one I've seen! Stay! Not another word, aunt, until you have judged for yourself! How they are—the young lady and her grandfather—a fine, noble old fellow. Come, her sunshade is down, you can see her to perfection!"

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, perceiving something was wrong.

"What?" I repeated. "That man," with infinite scorn, "a fine, noble old fellow? Why, he is Mr. Jaffery Marston, the rich banker; that is Eva, his grandchild!"

"You know them, aunt?"

"I know him—that he is wealthy—and you, Master Jack, as poor as a church mouse; so be wise, get over your love, or leave the Riviera instantly!"

"That is absurd, aunt—or one as impossible as the other!" he rejoined. "What in heaven's name makes you speak thus?"

I reflected a minute.

Why should I not tell him? He ought to be warned of the character of Jaffery Marston. It might save him from—at least, prepare him for—disappointment.

"I'll tell you, Jack, if you will listen!" I said, pushing my letters aside.

He evidently was divided between curiosity and a desire to follow Eva Marston. The former triumphed.

He drew a chair near mine, saying:

"Of course I will listen. Who would ever have believed you knew the Marstons?"

"Eva Marston—for the daughter bears the mother's name—" I answered, "and I was school-fellows—not chums—for she was a little lot to me. But I took a violent girl-liking to her; indeed, she was a favorite with every one."

"If I don't wonder," interpolated Jack, "if her child is like her."

"Eva—my Eva—was the sweetest, gayest, most amiable of dispositions. Selfishness and she were perfect strangers, and she was one of those quiet natures which surprise one by their capacity for strong feeling. I loved her like a sister. She re-embodied the affection, and our friendship was continued when our school-days were over."

"As I have told you, Mr. Marston is a

banker and exceedingly wealthy. Eva was his only child and he loved her passionately. He was proud of her and her beauty. He held her second to none, and she was one of the gayest, happiest girls imaginable until—"

"Until—well, aunt?"

"She fell in love," I replied. "In Jaffery Marston's bank there was a Halbert Fortescue. He had entered quite a youth, but soon had attracted the banker by his bright intelligence. He was handsome; a gentleman, but poor, upright, just and industrious."

"Jaffery Marston made a favorite of him, and saw to his rapid advancement. Halbert Fortescue was grateful, and strove more and more to please."

"I'll be the making of him. One day, when he is well off, he shall remember he owes it all to me," the banker used to say.

"In fact, the young fellow was his hobby. He was proud of him. He thought how in time he would make him; his sub-manager, aware he might trust all to his hands!"

"Eva was about eighteen when I noted a change in her. She was thoughtful, abstracted. It was not long before she confessed it to me. She loved Halbert Fortescue. More than that, he loved her. He had asked her to be his wife, and she had said 'Yes.'"

"I could never love any one else, Nelly," she said to me. "I never could be happy with any other than dear Halbert!"

"But your father, Eva?" I suggested.

"He may have higher views for you."

Eva laughed gayly.

"You do not know how he likes Halbert," she exclaimed. "Halbert asks his consent this afternoon. I do not fear, he is such a favorite!"

"Poor Eva! The banker's liking was that of the patron to the patronized—the master to the servant. That Halbert Fortescue, utterly penniless but for the salary he received, should aspire to wed his child, he had no more deemed probable than that the sun and moon should rise together."

"Such presumption was arrogance, impertinence, blackest ingratitude." In his astonishment and rage he was not particular in his words. He refused the young fellow with contemptuous disdain, and presenting him with a check and his dismissal at the same time, forbade him ever to enter his house or speak to Eva again.

"Did he obey?" asked Jack. "I would not."

"He, on his part, did; for the banker had used terms that had stung his honor. So he went, and poor Eva came to me for consolation and to weep over her troubles."

"In his fury the banker had said he was neither to speak nor see her. He had not said nor write, and Eva wrote to him."

"One day she came to me, her manner very excited."

"Halbert's letters had been so very cheerful that she had mistrusted them. She had guessed that to save her pain he was deceiving her, and by another source had obtained information about him."

"She had learned that he was suffering from poverty; also was ill from despair. A banker's clerk is always a banker's clerk; employment was as hard to procure then as now, especially when one had not a character; and Jaffery Marston had refused one to Halbert Fortescue."

"Nelly," said Eva, here eyes sparkling, "I have resolved to go to him."

"You, Eva?"

"Yes. My father is wrong; he is obstinate. He loves me too well, however, to let me suffer. I am the cause of Halbert's dismissal; when I am his wife dear papa will forgive for my sake; I know he will. He will see then I can only be happy with Halbert."

"I tried to persuade her, though I thought very possibly she was right. Jaffery Marston was not likely to discard a child who was as the apple of his eye."

"The next day she was missing—she had gone to join Halbert."

"I will not make too long a story, Jack; suffice it that we were wrong in our reading of Jaffery Marston's nature; stern pride, obstinacy, self-esteem, dominated the softer feelings. There seemed no middle course in his disposition. He cast off Eva as resolutely as he had discharged her husband."

"The letters she wrote he returned open, saying that he preferred to read them, to show what little effect they had upon him."

"At last, after a long silence, the last letter came. The old butler, who took it to the banker, found it sealed waiting behind the portiere, hopeful for news of Eva."

"The banker read; and was heard to exclaim:

"She will write no more, but will pray once to look on me before she dies. Ah! we shall see!" and, enclosing the letter, he directed it back.

"One evening, a month later, there was a knock at the door. The footman, opening it, beheld Eva standing there poorly dressed in black."

"How wan and thin was her beautiful face; yet what a spiritual expression clothed it! In her arms she carried her baby girl."

"The servants had been commanded not to admit her, but there was no one who would have obeyed. So, when she inquired for her father, the footman respectfully pointed to the study."

"The calm, peculiar expression still on her features, Eva entered. She did not close the door; the footman peeped through; the banker was seated by the fire, reading."

"He looked up at her entrance, then sprang to his feet; but as he gazed into her face he dropped back again, speechless."

"Eva went on and knelt on the rug before him."

"Father," she said, "Halbert is dead—dead from fighting the bitter world for my sake—and my heart is broken."

"He made no sign, but gasped as he stared at her. Gently she laid the child on the rug, and added:

"Papa, love little Eva for my sake. I said I would look once on you before I died—I have. Papa, forgive as I forgive—say, leaning her cheek on his knee, 'Heaven bless you!'"

"Then Jaffery Marston leaped up with a great cry, raised her on to a couch, wildly summoned the household, dispatched them here and there for aid, and sent for the best physicians. All was to no purpose—it was too late, and before an hour Eva was dead."

"And that, Jack," I concluded gravely,

"is the grandfather of her with whom you, a penniless artist, have fallen in love." Jack looked grave too, but was silent.

"Well?" I queried.

"I'm very sorry for Jaffery Marston, aunt," he answered, raising; "but I shall take my chance."

"You forget it may be Eva's chance, also," I said, almost severely.

"And you, aunt, forget that Miss Fortescue may not care that for me," snapping his fingers.

Looking at the bright, handsome young fellow he was, I felt justified in doubting. I said, however, maliciously:

"There is one comfort, so pretty a girl is not likely to be unengaged as it is."

I saw his face fall; but he brightened in a minute, smiled, took his hat, and saying, "That's to be seen," started off on the track of his innamorata.

I was very fond of Jack, and this affair made me deeply anxious; but what could I do? He got the introduction he wanted to Marston (who did not know me by my married name) and Eva Fortescue, and was forever in their society, as I was glad to see there were one or two other eligible young men, so that Jack had rivals. I was in hope he might get over his passion; that Eva might smile rather upon some one else; though I could not judge how matters went from Jack, who, like all lovers, was up in the clouds one time and in the depths of despair another.

But one evening, when returning home alone, as I passed the Villa Montinari, the residence rented by Jaffery Marston, hearing the whisper of voices I looked, and beheld among the orange trees two figures—male and female. A second glance told me they were Jack and Eva. His arm was round her waist, her head rested on his bosom. I needed no explanation; I knew the Rubicon had been passed.

"How is this pretty Eva's love affair to end?" I thought, hurrying on, almost nervous to be in the vicinity of the lovers. "It is to be another tragedy?"

I was aroused by the sound of a step approaching; raising my eyes, I beheld Jaffery Marston. What possessed me I can't tell, but I stopped when he stopped, and said:

"Mr. Marston, are you aware what has been going on between Miss Fortescue and my nephew?"

A dark shadow came over his face; he was silent a second; my heart was all in a tremble. Then he spoke:

"Yes, Mr. Fielding; unfortunately, only too well aware of it. I have no desire to disparage your nephew, but I had far different views for Eva."

"Of course you had," I rejoined, a little desperately. "My nephew, save for what he will make by his own exertions, is penniless until my death."

"Unfortunately, yes!" he answered.

"Mr. Marston," I said, looking at him keenly through the silver night, "may I ask what you intend to do in this matter?"

"Mrs. Fielding," he replied, in a low, quiet tone, "this is my answer: I deeply regret what has happened; but Eva has her mother's spirit; she loves your nephew; I am too old, and have too few to care for me, to risk breaking another young heart. I think you understand; let us never refer to the past again. Good evening!"

He raised his hat, and went on. As I returned his salutation I knew that he had recognized me as Nelly Boyd, his daughter's bosom friend, from the first.

Jack returned that evening in high spirits. Not only had he been accepted by Eva, but won the banker's consent.

They, Eva and Jack, have been married some time now, and Jaffery Marston has never regretted the consent he gave; indeed he is vastly proud of his clever son-in-law, whose pictures are hung on the line at Burlington House. He and I often have quiet chats, and games of chess and bridge together, but never again has he referred to that past history; neither have I.—E. W. P.

## Breaking Away from Tobacco.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I have chewed tobacco for about twelve years, and would like very much to stop using it. But it has taken such a hold on me that when I cease using it for two or three days, I break down, and am unfit for work. I am affected like one broken down with malaria, chills and fever. Now is there anything that such a one could chew which would keep the throat and mouth moist, and in time destroy all taste for the weed?"

This difficulty in leaving off the use of tobacco is natural. The drug effects such a change in the whole working machinery of the system that the sudden withdrawal of the narcotic arrests its proper action, or throws it into a very peculiar morbid condition. It is the same with opium and arsenic. If one leaves off his wonted use of arsenic, he will be lost of appetite, burning in the stomach, spasms in the throat, difficulty of breathing and constipation, but on resuming the drug all these symptoms will cease. Such nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, mental depression and general prostration follow the withholding of opium that the man of the strongest will is often unable to break the chains that bind him without medical aid.

There is a difference, however, in the case of different persons, as there is a difference in the effects of the tobacco on them. These effects are greatly worse in brain-workers, the highly cultivated and men of nervous temperament, and it is in just these classes that we find most of those who seek deliverance from the noxious habit. To Americans with their highly-developed nervous organizations, tobacco is more harmful than to any other nation.

What answer, then, shall we give our suffering correspondents?

Simply this, that probably his wisest, surest and cheapest course would be to put himself for the time into the hands of a good physician, just as if his symptoms had no connection with tobacco. He needs medical aid and he needs aid just suited to his individual peculiarity.

We add, however, that for something to take the place of the accustomed quid, and also to act as a tonic on the stomach and system generally, we know of nothing better than simple chamomile. Let him get a quantity of the dried flowers and take a few from time to time through the day.—Companion.

Sauces for the goose. Mrs. Charles (doctress to husband dressed in trousers and undergarments)—"Why, Charley! You are not going as you are!" Charley—"Why, yes; aren't you?"

## THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship Albatross reached the small town of Haven. She had foundered on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as supercargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe hadn't other sons," commiserated a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and craped tied on the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Every body in town, so to speak, turned out to church that September morning to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticize the funeral sermon. The Fanshawes had been their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse; but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their weeds, and restrained their tears till they might flow in private. The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family filed into church, black as grief and craped could make them. There was John and his mother, Sue and Hilda; and who but was this son of the old Squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sable than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the Squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day on the way home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames.

"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. "Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her, and like as not there was something between them."

"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic; "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly, "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then a man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. It's odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the Squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."

The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subtract something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshawe should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever had guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect on some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow. Louise was pretty; every body said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as the quantity of her own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"It seems that Louise heard the rumor and rushed up to Squire Fanshawe's to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight into hysterics, and confessed that they had been privately engaged. Of course the Squire adopted her into the family at once. They brought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the Squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.

"Yes; he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise, you know."

"It seems to me I shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory—not just her word for it."

"Seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time and refuse to believe her story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better be cheated to the last than lose the blessed hope of truth," as some poets say."

It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshawes.

"When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding tour through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letters for me, Aunt Ellen?"

"Any news?" O dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"

"Yes. The Albatross has been lost at sea, and the Fanshawes are just heart-broken. Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately; and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the Squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the Squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends; and Louise—"

"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd lustre in her eyes, but she was not crying; she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were sorry."

"Sorry? O, yes—absolutely—I suppose so."

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to

think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken; and, for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed it's better for you as it is; you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry and was stretching out unavailing arms into space. "He is dead—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has a right to her sorrow; and I—"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get it out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshawe's carriage she wondered if Betty were not far more miserable. Betty herself wondered why she did not die in that bitter season of despair. There seemed to be nothing to detain her here; life had come to a standstill. It was not that Aleck had died; she could have borne that perhaps and sorrowed bravely, and yet have lived on. That would have been grief enough, to be sure, for one heart to bear; but she would still have possessed the tender assurance of his love to compensate her. She would not have lost him utterly; she could have lived on with the certainty of meeting him, unchanged, at last, just as she had existed through her tedious work-days, sure of his companionship at their close—the one brightness in all her sombre days, the hours that were never absent from her thoughts, the hope carried through all difficulties uncomplainingly. Now there was nothing for her to live for or to die for. It seemed to her that the bloom was stripped from the world. She could not reconcile herself to her changed condition nor adjust herself to the belief that Aleck had cared nothing for her through all the years that had been her like heaven on earth—that he had merely been passing the time. She felt as if the solid earth had fallen beneath her feet, and she lay stretched out before her in dreary and barren perspective. If she could only have been allowed to preserve the illusion that he loved her, wherever he might be, that would have sufficed for happiness, would have gilded all the empty years she must spend on earth without the sun of his presence. But people do not die when they have nothing to live for. Betty's aunt trusted to time to mitigate the blow; she remembered that she herself once had a lover who deserted her, that she had cried her eyes out, and had given away all her jewelry, and believed she was done with everything; but ten years later he passed her window daily, a bald, gouty man from whom the glamour had fled. But she had forgotten that he had robbed her of the power of loving any one else, and that other lovers had sighed in vain.

When Betty first went out, and began to resume her ordinary life as if nothing had happened, the Squire's family had gone abroad, and had taken Louise Turner with them to lighten the shadow of their grief; and a stone in the Squire's lot in the cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck Fanshawe had lived and died. It would have been a melancholy comfort to Betty to hang wreaths upon that great white stone that confronted her like a ghost among the shrubbery, to plant flowers about it. But how could she lavish such loving trifles in memory of the man who had deprived her of the poor privilege of weeping for him? She sometimes felt as if she would like to leave Haven forever; every road and stile and bit of wood reminded her of Aleck. It was here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves, and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them, on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had not cared? Why, then, had he left her last evening ashore with her? He had left early, she said, saying he must pack and be off by day-break. Had he gone from her to Louise? The thought of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on waking. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness she took it down and threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not strong enough to abandon them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was no summer to Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other Junes, whose flowers were no sweeter, whose woods were no greener—Junes that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that, like the moon, shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the sob choked her and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased, a voice outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she looked, turned back, and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck, he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking of him. Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She would never think of him again—never; she would forget him, as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp, preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she was saying. "Such a shock, too, for the Squire's family, just as they were getting used to the idea of death."

"But it is true?" asked Miss Le Breton. Betty had shrunk into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide tears upon her eyelids.

"True as preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up town for a trifle of shopping—and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdle. I

looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station's queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't be any more surprised at the Day of Judgment."

"What a change!" cried Miss Le Breton; "and they all in their mourning, and the stone up in the cemetery, and the estate administered upon! I wonder where Betty is?"

"Yes, seems as though they'd been to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."

"And what a happy day for Louise Turner!" sighed Miss Le Breton. "I suppose he has called to his father?"

Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty laugh. "That's the oddest part of it. He asked about all the folks, coming down in the train; he didn't know they'd gone to Europe. And he asked first of all after you Betty—upon my word! 'And you don't want to know about Louise?' said I. 'Louise who?' said he. 'Why, Louise Turner, of course.' 'What about her?' he asked, or, making believe? 'Didn't you expect that Louise Turner would confess her engagement to you, your old dog, after the news of your death?' 'Confess her engagement to me?' he repeated, and he looked like a thunderbolt. I was frightened. 'You don't mean to say you weren't engaged to her?' I said. 'Now she's just like one of the family—wears widow's weeds for you, and went to church on the Squire's arm when your funeral sermon was preached.' 'Engaged to her?' he cried; 'I never thought of it. I am engaged to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved any one else.' I thought I'd run over and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs. Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's Betty?"

Squire Fanshawe's family returned in season for Betty's wedding, and she took her wedding tour through the White Mountains, after all. But Louise Turner never appeared in Haven again.—Harper's Bazar.

## Kid Glove Making.

People accept the statement that every glove is a kid that bears the name, while, in fact, only a small percentage of the gloves sold as such are the genuine kid. The reason is plain. Millions of kid gloves are demanded by the inhabitants of every large country, while only a few goats, comparatively, are raised in the world, and of these a larger number must be kept until full grown for breeding purposes. The demand for gloves is much greater than the supply of genuine skins, and a substitute is found in the lambskin, which makes an excellent grade of glove and is easily palmed off for kid. Genuine kid gloves can be obtained at a high price, but thousands of people who think they are wearing kid, have only the skin of the innocent lamb.

Of late years several kid glove factories have been started in the neighborhood of New York city, and the manufacture of gloves has been carried on in a small way. There has been no attempt to compete with the French glove makers, who easily lead the world, but a fair grade of glove has been turned out, selling well and comparing favorably with imported goods. In all the branches of glove making here a high degree of skill is required, and the workmen here generally learn their trade in Europe.

The lambskins, being selected with great care, are taken to the factory and put in large tanks, partly filled with the yolk of eggs and other soft, sticky materials. Here they are subjected to a thorough pounding with a heavy stick, padded so as not to injure the skins. In some factories men with bare feet tread on them. The object of all this is to "nourish" the skin and make it strong and "healthy." The skins are kept in these tanks for a longer or shorter period, according to the judgment of the superintendent. If allowed to remain too long, they become too well nourished and decay. After the nourishing comes the work of cleaning. The skins are worked in tubs of fresh water and washed thoroughly until all traces of foreign substance are removed from the outside. They now become soft and in color a dull white. They are laid on a smooth stone slab with the rough side down, and pressed and stretched until every wrinkle has been smoothed out.

The skins being wet remain in this stretched state and are then dyed. The dye is laid on with a brush, and the shade is always darker than the one desired, for the dripping and after-treatment lighten it at least one-quarter. The greatest care is taken to prevent any spots of dye from getting on the inside of the skin, a spot being a serious defect in a high-priced glove. After the skins have been allowed to drip for several hours they are taken to the drying room, the air of which is kept at a high temperature, usually by steam heat. It does not take long for the skins to dry out hard, stiff and rough. Before they can be used they are made soft and pliable again by laying for several days in damp sawdust. Then they are placed on a machine worked by a screw, and by a continuous and gentle pressure stretched to the utmost. If there are any holes, rough spots or cracks in the skin, it is thrown away, or should be. Not all of the glove-makers are honest, and the blunders are often covered up. This accounts for the sudden giving-out of many gloves.

The delicate part of glove-making is the cutting, as the least variation in the lines will destroy the symmetry of the glove and make the fit imperfect. To get the part to fit as well as possible, patterns are used for each size; but even with these mistakes are often made. In first-class factories where the skin is not properly cut it is thrown away or cut up into gussets. Every skin studied by the cutter, so as to make the greatest number of gloves from it with the least waste, and it is so graded that the largest sizes are first marked out and the rest is used for children's gloves. Modern invention has enabled the cutter, when blocking out the gloves, to make little holes in the skin for stitches. This insures perfect regularity and uniformity of stitching, which are of great importance. If the stitch is too tight an uneven pressure is put on the skin, which makes it break easily, and if too loose, it leaves a bag in the glove. Linen and silk threads are used, and the stitching is done by women who are fairly well paid. When the gloves are made, they are thoroughly inspected, and, if accepted, are tied in bundles ready for the market.

Why French gloves should take the lead

is hard to tell. The same materials are used as in other countries, and the workmen are not over-expert; but the French glove excels in elasticity, and "gives" when pressure is put on it by the hand, without getting out of shape. This country takes the lead in dogskin, buckskin and deerskin gloves. These names are misleading, since all the gloves are made of sheepskin. There is money in the business as well as humbug, and capital invested in a well-managed factory will bring a large return.—Tribune.

## The Arab Soldier.

The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddle cloths; the stirrup leathers out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or steel spear-like spur which he often pushes in between his stirrup and the stirrup sides. The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him, his high red saddle and saddle cloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his own blood-thirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible. As a horseman, I believe the Arab to have an excellent seat, but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can put his feet safely down; yet he does somehow. No one rides camels in this country; but the Sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvelous journeys, and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara the camel is indispensable. The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the ass existing without Tangle, but it is impossible to conceive Tangle existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign Minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity, and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls upon other Ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.—The Cornhill Magazine.

## Sugar for Building.

The Popular Science News says: The Mayor of Charleston has received a letter from an English architect, who says: "Some new facts have been discovered here lately regarding mortars that may be of great importance to you in erecting future buildings at Charleston. The addition of saccharine matter (sugar, treacle, infusion of malt, etc.) increases the strength of mortar to an extraordinary degree, making common lime mortar, with sugar added to it, as strong as our famous Portland cement."

"If you refer to any good treatise on chemistry you will find that water to which sugar has been added dissolves fourteen and a half times more salt than does water, without sugar. Reflecting on this fact, I mentioned it some years ago to my friend, E. W. Binney, F. R. S., who said that that was no doubt the explanation of a circumstance that occurred where he was born, Yorksford. An Italian architect came down to erect a building, in Mr. Binney's grandfather's time, for a nobleman in that neighborhood. The architect refused to use plain water for slaking his lime, and demanded and was supplied with malt for the purpose; many years after the building had been taken down but they could not pull it to pieces and had to blow it up with gunpowder. Mr. Binney and I both agreed that it was the sugar in the infusion of malt which produced this extraordinary hardness and tenacity of the mortar."

"I have no doubt now that the old wonderful Roman mortar, which is the admiration of builders after two thousand years, owes its hardness and excellence to the addition of saccharine matter. Another fact that I have to tell you, is that powdered brick is probably a better thing than sand to mix with our mortar."

## Before Paper.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead and copper were also used at an early period; after which the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree, but this being too coarse the inner bark, came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans *liber*, the Latin word for book, and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called *chartae*, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats and asses were the next materials used, and so nicely were they prepared that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was the library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment—skins smoothed and polished by pumice stone—to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum gold and silver letters were stamped with hot metal types. Some of these productions are very beautiful, requiring much time and labor to prepare and complete them, and the more carefully they are examined the more we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed.—Chambers' Journal.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.



## HER ANSWER.

All day long she held my question  
In her heart;  
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer  
Moved apart;  
Touched my hand in good night greeting,  
Roused grew—  
Should I leave to-morrow—early?  
Then adieu!  
Bent her head in farewell courteous,  
O'er her hair,  
While a cold hand gripped my heartstrings,  
Held them fast,  
Still I waited; still I listened;  
All my soul  
Trembled in the eyes that watched her  
As she stole  
Up the stairs with measured footsteps;  
But she turned  
Where a lamp in brazen bracket  
Brightly burned,  
Showed me all the glittering ripples  
Of her hair,  
Veiled her eyes in violent shadowing,  
Glimmered where  
Curled her mouth in soft compliance  
As she bent  
Toward me from the dusky railing  
Where she bent.  
Ah! my love \* \* \* One white hand wanders  
To her hair,  
Slowly lifts the rose that nestles  
Softly there,  
Breathes she in its heart my answer  
Shyly sweet,  
And Love's message mutely flutters  
To my feet.

## On a Delicate Mission.

I got a friend into an awful lot of trouble recently by giving him a commission, says Clara Belle.

Coming home from the theater, I became aware of something wrong where I couldn't conveniently get at it. A part of my standing rigging had worked loose, and a stocking was slipping down into a lot of miserable, uncomfortable folds about my ankle. Of course I had lost a garter.

My companion noticed my preoccupied air and inquired the cause, and when I told him, he jokingly inquired if he was expected to make good all losses incurred while I was under his protection. As it would be inconvenient to go out in the morning, I accepted his suggestion and told him he could get me a pair on his way down town and send them up by a messenger. The poor man was visibly agitated, but he wouldn't back out, and rather ruefully accepted the commission.

He had a terrible time the next day. He thought he would stop into a large dry-goods house first, but when he got there his courage began to ooze out. The place was full of women, and he thought they were just waiting for him to come in and ask for garters. Every woman who passed him looked at him as though she knew what he was after, and was silently laughing at him. So he weakened, and kept on down town. Finally he sneaked around a corner when he thought nobody was looking, and hurriedly slipped into the door of a small store that seemed to be a nice, quiet place, and to present possibilities of garters, judging by the works of art displayed in the window.

He stepped up to the counter nearest the door and told the saleswoman what he wanted in a way that indicated great haste. I believe he added that he wanted to catch a train.

"We don't keep garters," she replied.

Then he said he wanted them for a lady, and she rejoined, in her regular cash-here voice:

"Next to the last counter on the other side for ladies' garters."

He was the only customer in the store, and all the clerks were young women, but he braced up and started for the other end of the apartment, which looked like the perspective of a prairie railroad. It seemed to him that he never would reach the vanishing point with all those girls looking at him. Finally he pulled up at a counter, his face red and his eyes blurred, and asked the girl for garters, expecting her to hand them over forthwith and put an end to the trouble. Poor little innocent! The young woman smiled coldly and said:

"What kind, please?"

"Oh, the best you have," he replied painfully conscious that his ears were blazing red.

"But what style do you want?" she rejoined, evidently enjoying his plight. He didn't know, as I hadn't given him any specifications, and probably it never before occurred to him that there could be more than one kind. It was useless for him to attempt to escape. All the clerks were watching him or seemed to be. So he asked what style was generally used, and the clerk proceeded to exhibit and explain the various styles. She showed him suspender garters attached to the waist belt, dress-form garters, garters that hitch on to the side of the corset, garters of every imaginable kind, and when he seemed dazed by her description she took down lithographs and minutely pointed out the way of wearing patent stocking harnesses. He was bewildered and helpless, and gazed at her appealingly for help. At last he stammered: "What kind do you—?" but was checked by an eye "Sir!" Then an inspiration of genius, born of despair, came to him, and he blurted out:

"What kind would you be most likely to lose off in the street?"

He made his escape with a pair of old-fashioned circular elastic with no woman who cares to preserve the natural curve and shape to her limbs will wear, and sent them up by a messenger with a note begging to be excused from future shopping errands. Those instruments of torture are in my museum, as mementoes of masculine incapacity to master the intricacies of a woman's belaying tackle.

## Rosenthal Learns Something.

He called at Nat Rosenthal's clothing establishment, and, selecting a pattern, ordered the clothes put up in the very latest style regardless of cost. They were to be ready the following week, and upon the appointed day he called for them. Before taking them away, however, and previous to paying for the clothes, he fitted them on at the store. They appeared almost perfect, yet they did not please him. He objected to this and that point, found fault with the pantaloons, and kicked upon the vest. Mr. Rosenthal offered to alter them or do anything the young man desired. Stating that he would not wear altered clothing, he refused to take them, and left very indignant.

A few days later a young man called at

Rosenthal's, and saying that his brother wanted to leave the city at once, asked Mr. Rosenthal if he had such a thing as a ready-made suit of clothing about the place. Rosenthal had. He got the suit made for the young man and they appeared to be just what was wanted. The price was too steep, though after considerable dickering they were sold at less than one-half the price Mr. Rosenthal intended to get for them when they were made. Still the tailor was satisfied. He was happy that he had got rid of them.

The next day he met the young man who had ordered the suit of clothes made and who had refused to accept them. Strange to say he was attired in a suit which, if it was not the one sold by Rosenthal, was very much like it. This excited Rosenthal's suspicions and he investigated. The result was that he made the discovery that they were the identical clothes, and that it had been the young man's scheme all along to work him in just the manner he did. Rosenthal is disgusted.

## A Yankee Trick.

A six foot Yankee, seated upon a load of brooms, drove his team up before the door of an establishment where he expected to find a purchaser. Jumping from his seat he entered the store and the following colloquy took place:

Yankee—Can't I sell you a load of brooms to-day, mister?

Dealer—No, I don't want any.

Yankee—Better take 'em—sell 'em dog cheap.

Dealer—Don't want 'em, got enough brooms.

Yankee—I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take the lot, I'll let 'em go for a dollar a dozen; you know they're worth double that.

The dealer stroked his chin for a moment as if in deep thought, and then replied: "Well I don't want any brooms as I told you, but I don't mind making a trade with you."

Yankee—What sort of a trade?

Dealer—Well I'll take your whole load at a dollar a dozen, and pay you one-half cash, you to take the other half in trade.

Yankee—No you don't, mister! You'll charge me such an all-fired profit on the other half that I might come out at the little end of the horn.

Dealer—Oh, no, I promise you that you shall have the goods at just what they cost me.

Yankee—Well, mister, that's what I call square dealing. It's a bargain. And he commenced to unload the brooms in a pile on the sidewalk. When he got through he walked into the store. "There you are, mister; fourteen dozen, which I calculate makes just \$7 comin' to me."

Dealer—Yes, that's right; there's the money. Now what goods do you want for the other \$7?

Yankee—Well, I dunno—you see mister, I hain't much posted in your other truck, so I guess I'll take brooms!

## Bill Nye's Letter.

Last evening I went to hear Mr. Edwin Booth in "Hamlet." I had read the play before, but it was better as he gave it, I think.

The play of "Hamlet" is not catchy, and there is a noticeable lack of local gags in it. A gentleman who stood up behind me and leaned against his breath all the evening said that he thought Ophelia's singing was too disconnected. He is a keen observer and has seen a great many plays. He went out frequently between the acts, and always came back in better spirits. He noticed that I kept a little in one or two places, and said that if I thought that was affecting I ought to see "Only a Farmer's Daughter." He drives a bus for the Hollenden hotel here, and has seen a great deal of life. Still, he talked freely with me through the evening, and told me what was coming next. He is a great admirer of the drama, and night after night he may be seen in the foyer, accompanied only by his breath.

There is considerable discussion among critics as to whether Hamlet was really insane or not, but I think he assumed it in order to throw the prosecution off the track, for he was a very smart man, and when his uncle tried to work off some of his Danish pretensions on him I fully expected him to pull a card out of his pocket and present to him his royal tallness, on which might be seen the legend, "I am something of a liar myself." But I am glad he did not, for I would have seemed out of place in a play like that.

Mr. Booth wore a dark water-proof cloak all the evening, and a sword with which he frequently killed people. He was dressed in black throughout, with hair of the same shade. He is using the same hair in "Hamlet" that he did twenty years ago, though he uses less of it. He wears black knickerbockers and long, black, crockless stockings.

Mr. Booth is doing well in the theatrical business, frequently getting as high as \$3 apiece for tickets to his performances. He is encircled by the audience several times last night, but refrained from repeating the play, fearing that it would make it late for those who had to go back to Bellandona, O., after the close of the entertainment.

Toward the end of the play a little rough on rats gets into the elderly wine and the royal family drink it, after which there is considerable excitement, and a man with a good, reliable stomach-pump would have all he could do. Several of the royal family curl up and perish.

They do not die in the house.

During an interview between Hamlet and his mother an old gentleman who has the honor to be Ophelia's father hides behind a picket fence, so as to overhear the conversation. He gets excited and says something in a low, guttural tone of voice, whereupon Hamlet runs his sword through the picket fence in such a way as to bore a large hole into the old man, who then dies.

I have heard a great many people speak of the piece beginning—

To be or not to be,

When you go to your beds to-night, reflect on the joy these simple gifts will bring to so many homes. Tears unbidden start as I think of it.—Tadita.

## VARIETIES.

IN THE WRONG CHURCH.—It is said that some of the Western railroads even control the religion along their lines. A new resident of Ellendale, Dakota, handed in a letter to one of the churches, and was asked:

"Did you come by the Blank & Blank Railroad?"

"No."

"Do you patronize the company's elevator at this station?"

"No."

"Have you signed a petition for lower freight rates?"

"I have."

"Then you had better take back your letter and apply to the Baptist Church, two blocks down and around the corner. That church stands most everything by mule teams, while we haul in with the railroad."

A good story is told of an interview of the Hon. W. H. H. Bingham with one of the State boarders at Windsor, Ont. Some of the prisoners were at work lathing the guard post during a recent official visit of the "Governor," and the latter was inspecting the progress of the work. After contemplating the prospect for a few minutes, Governor Bingham remarked: "See here, my man, you are laying these laths too near together; that sort of work will never do." The prisoner calmly laid down his implements and said: "Governor, I am willing to be turned off and discharged if my work don't suit you; I never applied for this job or the situation, and if my work isn't satisfactory I am willing to quit." The offer was not accepted.

## Tiger Bill.

The circus season is over, and a number of people who have been on the road are making their temporary headquarters in this city. A few of the gull had happened to assemble at John Clancy's Saturday afternoon and entertained each other with reminiscences of their summer work.

"When we were at Olean," said Tom Dolphin, who was with Pollman's circus, "I picked up a gigantic lumberman named William Pike, who had never been farther west than Michigan. We proceeded to bill him as 'Tiger Bill,' a noted scout and reformed desperado. He was an awfully big fellow, but as tender as a chicken, and wouldn't dare to shoot a cat. At Johnston we got five or six tame Indians and painted them up to kill. Then we started a Wild West show to top off the performance."

'Tiger Bill' was announced as the best shot, and, altogether, the most remarkable cowboy of the age. He would come into the ring, sniff, or 'Ha, I smell Injuns,' and then stalk stealthily along until he discovered them lying in ambush, when he would blaze away and kill all but one or two, whom he would finish with a knife. The audience was assured that he obtained his name from the fact that he once killed three tigers on the plains with one shot. Heveled to impress people with the notion that he was a very tough cuss. Every hotel we'd go to he'd say to the waitress in a deep voice, which you could hear all over the room:

"Bring two pounds of raw beef and a pint of blood."

"The girl would reply that she couldn't get the blood, and he would resignly ask for milk instead. The girl would then get along. I don't think he liked it, but he worried it down in good style. After a while, in addition to his Wild West show act, we got him to do feats of marksmanship. He would knock the pipe out of the mouth of the man smoking it or brush the ashes off a cigar with his trusty revolver. The weapon was loaded with blank cartridges, and the moment he fired the other man would bite the pipstem in two, or bite the cigar so suddenly that the ashes would tumble off. One night when Tiger Bill had inspired the audience more than usual with a sense of his ferocity, he essayed to shoot the ash off a cigar in the mouth of one of our boys, who, for the fun of the thing, wouldn't disturb the ash, but kept smoking the cigar as cool as before. Tiger Bill fired four or five unsuccessful shots, and then the audience began to laugh and hiss, and he ran off in a rage."—Syracuse Standard.

## The Poor Made Happy.

"And now, dear friends, and brothers and sisters," says good old Deacon Peck, at the close of the Christmas festival at the church, "It is now our pleasant duty to give a report of the free-will contributions of the generous hearts that have remembered the poor, and need in this beautiful Christmas time, when our hearts are filled with love and generosity toward our fellow men, and we experience the truth of that beautiful saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Dear friends, does it not sweeten and deepen our own happiness to feel that hundreds of homes will be made happy to-day, because of the tender spirit of love and generosity that prompts us to lavish gifts upon the poor, out of the abundance with which we are blest."

"Ah, dear friends, it is a beautiful thought. Picture to yourselves the thrills of delight these gifts of yours will give to the children of the homes to which you go."

"I will now read off the contents of the various packages so generously donated:

"No. 1. Copies of Frank Leslie's 'Chimney Corner,' one needle box, one pen-wiper, and a flat-iron holder.

"No. 2. Package of tracts on 'How the Poor should Live,' 'Gratitude,' 'Benevolence,' and kindred subjects; also, volume of Tennyson's poems, in good condition.

"No. 3. Whisk broom, one flower-pot, spool of thread, tumbler holder, tidy, and one glass sauce-dish.

"No. 4. Six copies of 'Peterson's Magazine,' photographs of Hon. Benjamin Butler and George Washington, one copy of 'Baxter's Saint's Rest,' one paper of pins, one coffee strainer, and one rubber doll (almost new).

"No. 5. One skin of zephyr, one pocket dictionary, one lamp mat, one volume entitled 'The Importance of Cleanliness in the Poor,' one treatise on the 'Evil Effects of Sewer Gas,' one package of kindlings, one parcel (almost new), two Japanese fans, one tin rattles-box, one salt-cellar, and a no-lashes pitcher.

"These, dear friends, are but samples of what all the packages your Christmas duty has led you to lavish on the poor contain."

When you go to your beds to-night, reflect on the joy these simple gifts will bring to so many homes. Tears unbidden start as I think of it.—Tadita.

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LOVERS OF CHEWING GUM will appreciate the following incident which recently occurred in Hartsville: A little four-year-old boy was playing in the back door-yard. His mother was busy indoors with her house work. Hearing the boy talking she stepped to the door, and looking out saw the family cow standing a few feet away quietly chewing her cud. In front of and close to the cow, his hands resting on his knees and gazing into the animal's eyes, stood the little boy, repeating in pleading tones: "Come, cow, come; open your mouth and let Freddie see your gum!"

MISS WINTERBORN.—How do you like our beautiful city?

New Yorker.—There are some things I like.

"Bunker Hill monument?"

"I don't care much for that."

"Boston Common?"

"It's nothing compared to Central Park."

"Our—ah," said the tramp, elevating the trunk of a hat with a grace Chesterfield might have envied, "tell the lady of the house a gentleman wishes to speak with her in the parlor."

A SINGULAR coincidence: An Austin youth has been paying his addresses to a young lady, under the impression that she was wealthy. Finally she told him promptly that she was poor, and that she was penniless. After which his attentions slackened up. A few days ago she said to him: "Dear George, it seems to me that since you found out I'm only a poor girl you have ceased to love me."

"You don't say so?" rejoined the candid youth: "do you know that the very same idea has occurred to me?"

An elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday put his reproach in this form—not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go to play marbles on the Sabbath day?" "Ay," said the boy, "they gang down to the foard by the water below the brig."

"No!" roared the elder, "they go to hell and burn." The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa, Jeanie; here's a man swearing awfully."

A WOMAN recently occupied the witness stand in Belfast, Me., who was a match for the lawyers. She was a witness in a pauper case and had been a pauper. On cross-examination the attorney asked her if she was a pauper on the town. "I was a liability," said the woman. "You were a pauper," said the attorney. "I want you to understand," said the woman, rising up, "that poor people are not paupers; they are liabilities."

LITTLE Flossy had kept up a chatter all through the meal, and grandma could hardly squeeze in a word point first. Finally grandma said:

"Flossy, you talk too much. You don't hear grandma jabbering every minute."

"No, gran'ma, but you know you've lived a good deal longer'n I have, and had time to get most of the talk out of you."

Grandma didn't attempt to answer that argument.

A COUNTRY cousin in a Cincinnati hotel tackled a plate of soup with a fork, the other day, and tried for some time to balance a little of the fluid on his three-pronged trident. At last he got disgusted, and, grabbing a spoon, exclaimed, "Dang it, they said I must eat everything with a fork, but I'm not going to starve when I'm paying two dollars for what I can eat, you bet." And he went in.

ADVERTISEMENT in a Berlin newspaper: "A medical student whose means are exhausted would like to meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum to complete his studies at a moderate rate of interest. If necessary he would, as a guarantee, at once marry his creditor's daughter, or, if preferred, would make an agreement to do so on passing his final examination."

MR. ENLOW says Bob Taylor reminded him of the old man and the boy hunting the cow, the old man on one side of the creek and the boy on the other. The boy hallooed: "Dad, she's over here; I see her tracks." "No."

she's on this side; here's her tracks." "But she's over here, here's lots of tracks." "Come on," cried the father; "let's go home. I won't hunt no cow that makes tracks on both sides of the creek at the same time."

An Ithaca paper tells of a little four-year-old child who, upon retiring the other night, began to say her evening prayer as usual, and after repeating, "If I should die before I wake," paused a moment and added: "What a rumper there would be in this house!" Then she recited the concluding line of the prayer and scrambled into bed.

## Chaff.

Justice is the soapuds with which we wash the flannel shirt of wrong.

Bad-headed men, like brave soldiers, are always to be found at the front.

A carpenter may have many virtues, still he can't get along without vices.

The bass drum is the real drum major of every well-regulated military band.

Little fish are very level headed, they always commence life on a small scale.

The printer makes us speak of kissing "sub rosa." Well, that will do just as well.

If home is woman's sphere, why do not all the homesteads of this land belong to the women?

When an old sheep can successfully jump a six-foot fence, you always call it "Spring" lamb.

A printer of the Chicago record said that "a mule dash" is quite too long for newspaper columns.

A man's character is like a board fence; you cannot strengthen it by the application of a coat of whitewash.

A certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long-suffering.

They do not say "stomach ache" in Boston. "Gastric neuralgia" is the proper word, but it gets there all the same.

The Bartholdi Goddess of Liberty with ice on her head in the morning, after being out all night, is not a pleasing spectacle.

Talking is said to be conducive to longevity. Silence kills more women. It is the lack of silence which finishes the men.

May-Stop your flatteries, or I shall hold my hands to my ears.

John (wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, your lady hands are too small.

A young woman in Eastern Maine cries by the hour because she is tall.—Ez. This is a rather peculiar case, but we have often heard of a man committing suicide because he was "short."

An exchange says: "It is usually the unmarried women who write about 'How to Manage a Husband.'" Of course it is. You point find the married woman giving away her little plan.

"My dear, don't worry, I've a terrible cold in my head." "You should be very grateful, Algerion, that you have." "Why, dear?" "You now know that you have something in it."

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science: "If there should be another flood for refuge after this; though all the world should be submerged this book would still be dry."

"How did it happen that you made such fine sausage yesterday?" asked a customer of his butcher. "A sporting man gave me a pointer, and I say no more," said the customer, turning pale and turning quickly to go home.

A gentleman was awakened in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and murmured, as he went to sleep again: "Oh! how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

A country couple newly married, stopped at a hotel a few days and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied: "We want that kind of wine where the cork pops out and the liquor boils up like soapuds."

"Here is a little thing I dashed off," said a buxom maiden, as she entered the sanctum. The editor was just about to state that he didn't use poetry, when the young lady produced a beautiful golden roll of butter. It was accepted with thanks.

Old Gumpert (putting a few questions): "Now, boys—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar: "Pardon, sir, but I don't remember the commandment, then, sir." (Quest'er snort corrected.)

"Ephrum, what makes so many cat calls grow in this here town?" "Well, I would say! Do you know?" "Why, they grow up from kittens that people has down in the pen, of course. Pears like you wimmen folks down know nuffin 'bout agricultural!"

Captain: A brave soldier will always be found in battle where the bullets are thickest. You understand me, Meyer! Recruit: Then where will you be found in battle? Recruit: In the ammunition wagon, captain; that's where the bullets are thickest.

Young Tom Anjersky asked his taller the other day when he would send him the suit of winter clothes that he had ordered. "When you have paid me for your last spring's suit," replied the tailor. "Oh, bother!" said Tom, impatiently, "do you suppose I can wait forever for my winter clothes?"

Johnny and his eldest sister made up the bed, and Johnny had come to rely on his sister's industry for his lessons. "Johnny, up on what does the earth revolve?" asked the teacher. "A z. z. z." replied Johnny, scratching his head to evoke an idea. "Correct," said his Johnny afterward explained it to a companion, he was "the puzzledest boy in creation."

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